September 1979
$1.50
HEAVY METAL
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

THE CARS' NEW ALBUM CANDY-O

THE CARS DRIVE AMERICA!

JUNE		JULY		AUGUST	
6/16	Denver, CO	7/2	Jacksonville, FLA	8/1	LaCrosse, WIS
6/17	Kansas City, MO	7/3	Mobile, ALA	8/2	Greenberg, WIS
6/21	Houston, TX	7/4	Jackson, MISS	8/3	Chicago, ILL
6/22	Arlington, TX	7/6	Jackson, MISS	8/4	Detroit, MICH
6/23	Shreveport, LA	7/7	Memphis, TENN	8/5	St. Louis, MO
6/24	Wichita Falls, TX	7/8	Nashville, TENN	8/8	Oklahoma City, OKLA
6/27	Midland, TX	7/11	Lexington, KY	8/9	Tulsa, OKLA
6/28	Austin, TX	7/12	Charleston, KY	8/10	Omaha, NEB
6/29	Little Rock, ARK	7/13	Pittsburgh, PA	8/11	Pocatonia, ILL
6/30	New Orleans, LA	7/14	New Haven, CONN	8/12	Minneapolis, MINN
		7/15	Newark (Columbus), OH	8/15	Marquerra, MINN
		7/31	Madison, WIS	8/16	Milwaukee, WIS
				8/17	Springfield, ILL
				8/18	South Bend, ILL
				8/19	Cleveland, OH
				8/24	New York, NY

MANAGEMENT: FRED LEWIS ORGANIZATION

PRODUCED BY ROY THOMAS BAKER

ON ELEKTRA RECORDS AND TAPES

© 1978 Elektra/Asylum Records A Warner Communications Co.

BEHIND THE SCENES...

AND BEYOND THE SCREEN!

The Book of ALIEN

The whole story of the making of *Alien*, as told by the film makers who brought the tale to terrifying life! With a huge collection of drawings, designs, and action photos—many in full color! 112 pages, $7.95.

From the award-winning team of Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson (who brought you the illustrated *Star Wars*): a fantastic all color graphic rendering of the SF film of the year! 64 pages, $3.95.

ALIEN
The Illustrated Story

ALIEN
Brought to the screen by Twentieth Century-Fox. Brought to bookstores everywhere by Heavy Metal Books
Nationwide Premiere
May 25, 1979

Heavy Metal Books
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

DEPT. 979

Please send____ copies of *The Book of Alien* at $7.95 per copy. (Add $1 per order for postage and handling.)
I enclose $____ for *The Book of Alien*.

Please send ____ copies of *Alien: The Illustrated Story* at $3.95 per copy. (Add 75¢ per order for postage and handling.)
I enclose $____ for *Alien: The Illustrated Story*.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

(New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.)
If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

CONTENTS

Soft Landing, by **Dan O'Bannon** and **Thomas Warkentin**, 6
The Doll, by **J.K. Potter**, 10
The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius, by **Moebius**, 17, 79
Only Connect: The Spirit of the Game, by **Alias**, 19
Buck Rogers in the 25th Century, by **Jim Lawrence** and **Gray Morrow**, 25
Rising to the Occasion, by **Kenneth Smith**, 34
Little Red V-3, by **Hé**, 38
The Grail War, by **Richard Monaco**, illustrated by **Marcus Boas**, 42
Elvis, by **Francois Thomas**, 46
The Bus, by **Paul Kirchner**, 59
A World Between, by **Norman Spinrad**, illustrated by **Donald Brautigam**, 60
Elric, by **Michael Moorcock**, illustrated by **Frank Brunner**, 63
Telefield, by **Macedo**, 82
Shelter, by **Chantal Montellier**, 92
Front cover, Love Hurts, by **Jim Cherry**
Back cover, by **Val Mayerik**
...Thirty..., 4

"The Grail War," copyright © 1979, by Richard Monaco. Excerpted from the novel of the same name, to be published by Simon & Schuster (and simultaneously as a Wallaby trade paperback) this fall.

"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," by Jim Lawrence and Gray Morrow, copyright © 1979 Robert C. Dille.

"A World Between," by Norman Spinrad. Copyright © 1979, by Norman Spinrad. Excerpted from the book, *A World Between*, to be published this fall by Pocket Books, a Simon & Schuster division of Gulf + Western Corporation.

"The Airtight Garage of Jerry Cornelius," by Moebius. "Only Connect: The Spirit of the Game," by Alias. "Little Red V-3," by Hé. "Telefield," by Macedo, and "Shelter," by Chantal Montellier are all from *Métal Hurlant*, copyright © 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979. *Métal Hurlant* is published by I.F. Editions Les Humanoïdes Associés, Paris. Reprinted by permission.

All other copyrights are held by the individual artists and or authors.

Editors: **Sean Kelly, Valerie Marchant**
Managing Editor: **Julie Simmons**
Design Director: **Peter Kleinman**
Art Director: **John Workman**
Art Assistant: **Bill Workman**
Copy Editor: **Sheila Feldman**
Editorial Associate: **Susan Zimmer**
Production Manager: **George Agoglia, Jr.**
Circulation Director: **George Agoglia, Sr.**
Public Relations and Promotion: **Eric Rolfe Greenberg**
Foreign Rights Manager: **Diana K. Bletter**
Publisher: **Leonard Mogel**

Illustration by **Romas Kukalis**

TRY 'EM OR BUY 'EM LIMITED OFFER

Try your favorite size **JOB** cigarette papers at home! Choose a specially priced **JOB** 24-pack or 4-pack sampler* sent post-paid directly to you.

Complete and mail coupon with payment. Quickest delivery with money-order, cashier's or certified check (un-certified checks must clear bank prior to shipping; no stamps or coins, please; sorry no C.O.D.'s). Offers limited; void where prohibited. Limit one sampler or box per family, please. Act today!

*Sampler includes one pack new **JOB** 1.25™, two packs **JOB** 1.5™, and one pack **JOB** double-width cigarette papers.

Please send the following item. **I am over 21 years of age.**

- ☐ **JOB** Double-width cigarette papers 24-pack . . . $9.60 $_____
- ☐ **JOB** 1.5™ Middle-width cigarette papers 24-pack . . . $9.60 $_____
- ☐ **JOB** 1.25™ Precision-width™ cigarette papers 24-pack . . . $9.60 $_____
- ☐ **JOB** Single-width 55s Classic White 24-pack . . . $7.20 $_____
- ☐ **JOB** Single-width Cutcorners 25-pack . . . $7.50 $_____
- ☐ **JOB** Favorite Hits 4-pack cigarette paper sampler . . . $1.00 $_____

TOTAL (Check enclosed) Includes postage & handling. $_____

SEND TO: **PAPERS**
Adams Apple Dist. Co.
5100 N. Ravenswood
Chicago, IL 60640

MS/MRS/MR _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. Allow three to four weeks delivery.

HMT-7909

CIGARETTE JOB PAPERS

Brought to you from France by Adams Apple™ DISTRIBUTING COMPANY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60640 USA

Illustrated by Lazaretti

...Thirty...
Disco Edito

Elvis the dragon meets Grail-hunting heroes.
An albino's sword has a mind of its own.
The saucers are coming to rescue the hippies.
Won't somebody please throw the werewolf a bone?

Folk was a fad, it
's as dated as Soul.
Reggae has had it.
Just like Rock 'n' Roll.
Heavy Metal's like the Blues—
A relic from the past . . .
Put on your plexi dancin' shoes,
And let that disco blast!

Shopping mall zombies are caught in the fallout.
Bruegel pedestrians block up the streets.
Chess master wizards are waiting to crawl out
And swipe little robot girls' baskets of treats.

Country sounds mopey.
And Jazz had its day.
Opera's just dopey,
and Salsa's passé.
Heavy Metal's like the Blues—
A relic from the past.
So wash them Quaaludes down with booze,
And let that disco blast!

—S.K.

HM COMMUNICATIONS, INC., is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.

Chairman **Matty Simmons** President **Julian L. Weber**
Chairman of the Executive Committee **Leonard Mogel**
Sr. Vice-President **George S. Apostle**
Vice-President, Finance **Charles Schneider**
Vice-President, Creative Projects **Sean Kelly**
Vice-President, Subscriptions and Product Sales **Howard Jurofsky**
Vice-President, Advertising Sales **Richard B. Barthelmes**
Controller **Esther Barrett**

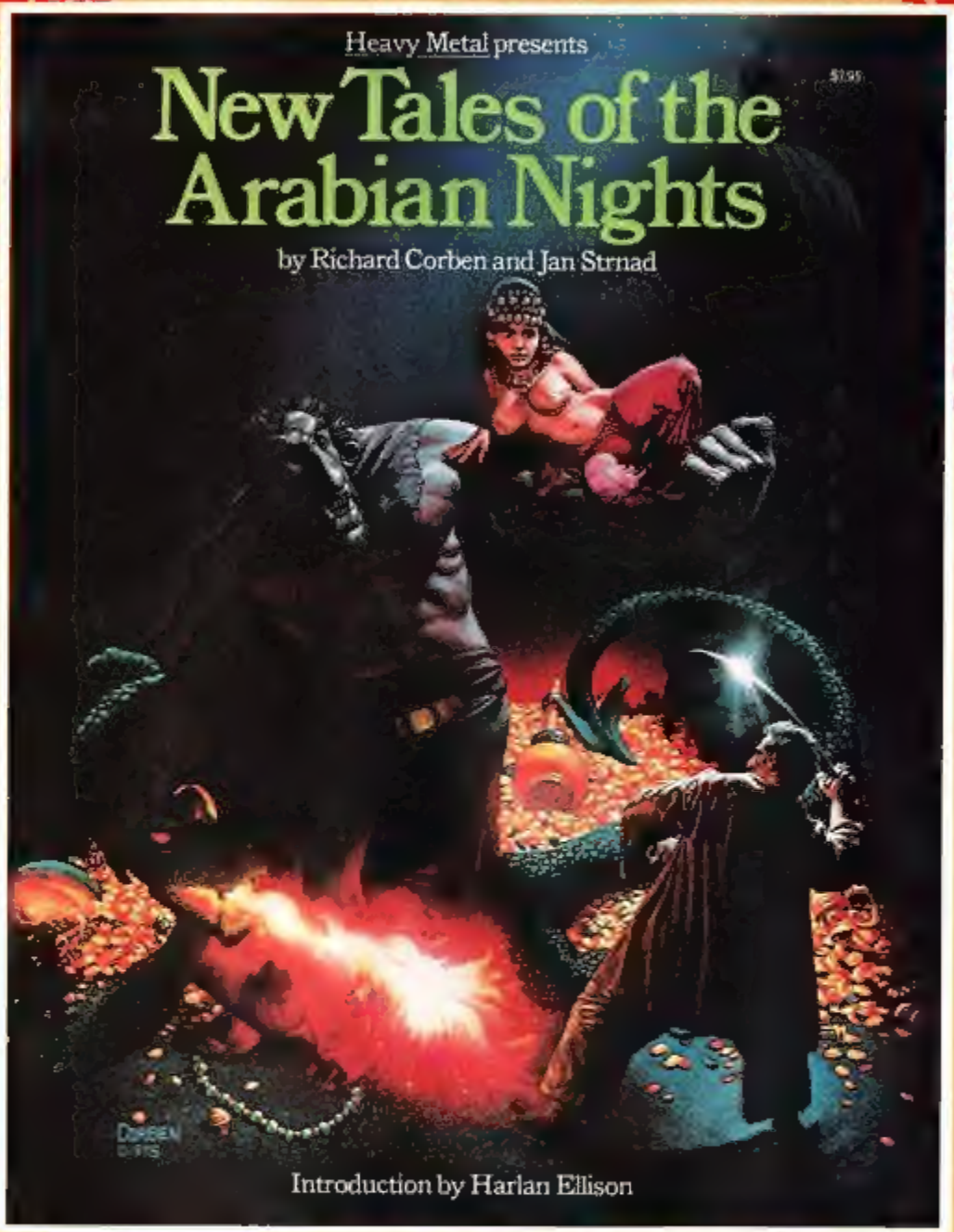
HEAVY METAL MAGAZINE (USPS 379-970): "Heavy Metal" is a trademark of HM Communications, Inc. Copyright © 1979 HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity to real people and places in fiction and semi-fiction is purely coincidental.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $18.00 paid annual subscription, $26.00 paid two-year subscription, and $33.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* Advertising Manager, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 688-4070. *Chicago:* William H. Sanke, **Midwest Advertising Director**, 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60601 (312) 346-7145. **West Coast:** Lowell Fox and Associates, 16200 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, Cal. 91436 (213) 990-2950. *Southern Offices:* Brown & Company, Northside Tower, Suite 407, 6065 Roswell Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30328 (404) 252-9820.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.


Heavy Metal presents
$7.95
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
by Richard Corben and Jan Strnad
Introduction by Harlan Ellison

The ancient tales of life, death, and fate, drawn in full color by the grand master of fantasy illustration. $7.95 at bookstores everywhere, or by mail from *Heavy Metal* Books.

Heavy Metal Books Dept. 979
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

If you do not wish to cut the coupon in this ad, but do wish to order, please print or type all the necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

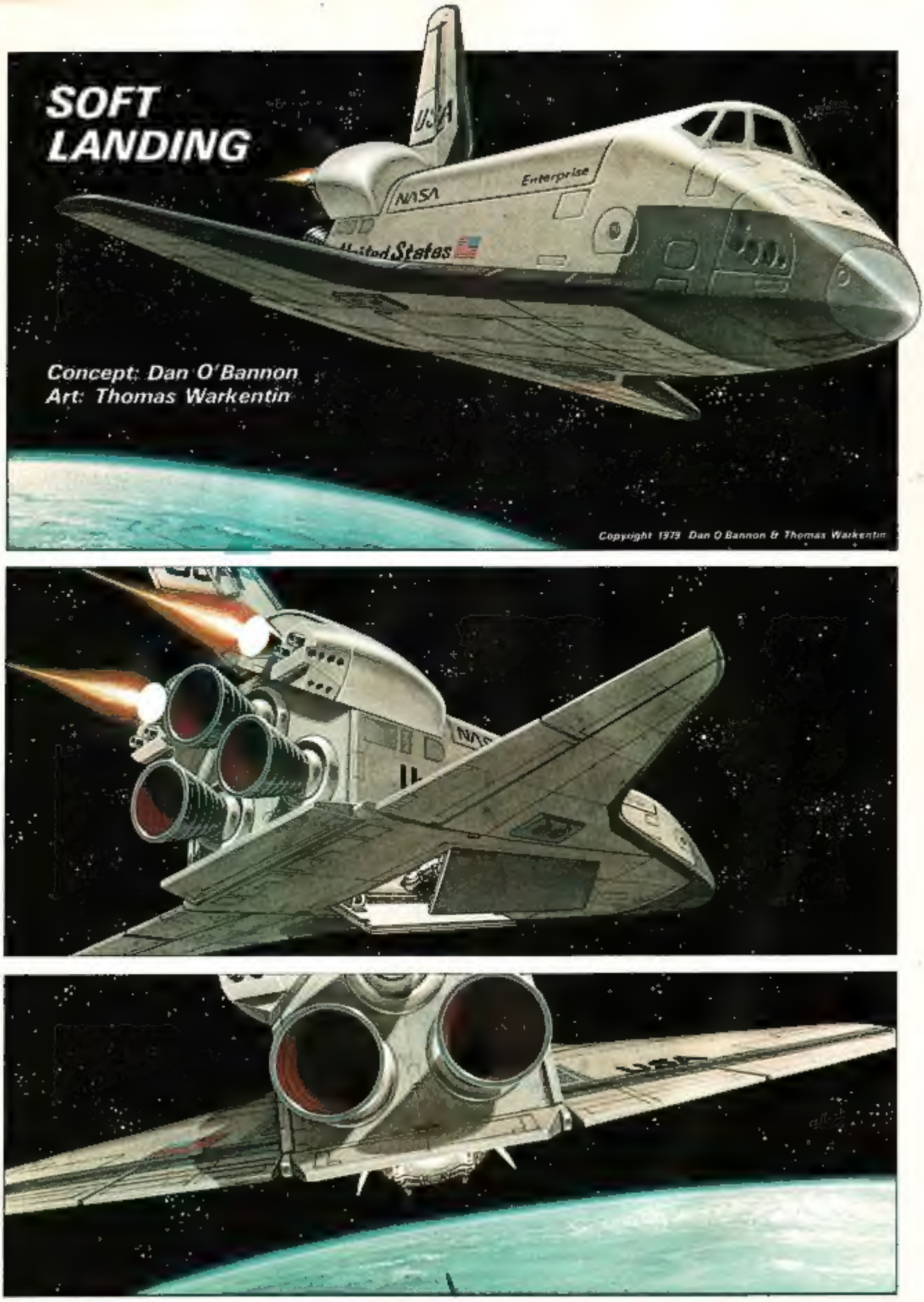
Please rush ____ copies of Richard Corben's *New Tales of the Arabian Nights*. I enclose $7.95 for each copy, plus $1.00 for postage and handling. My check or money order, made out to Heavy Metal Books, totals $ _____.

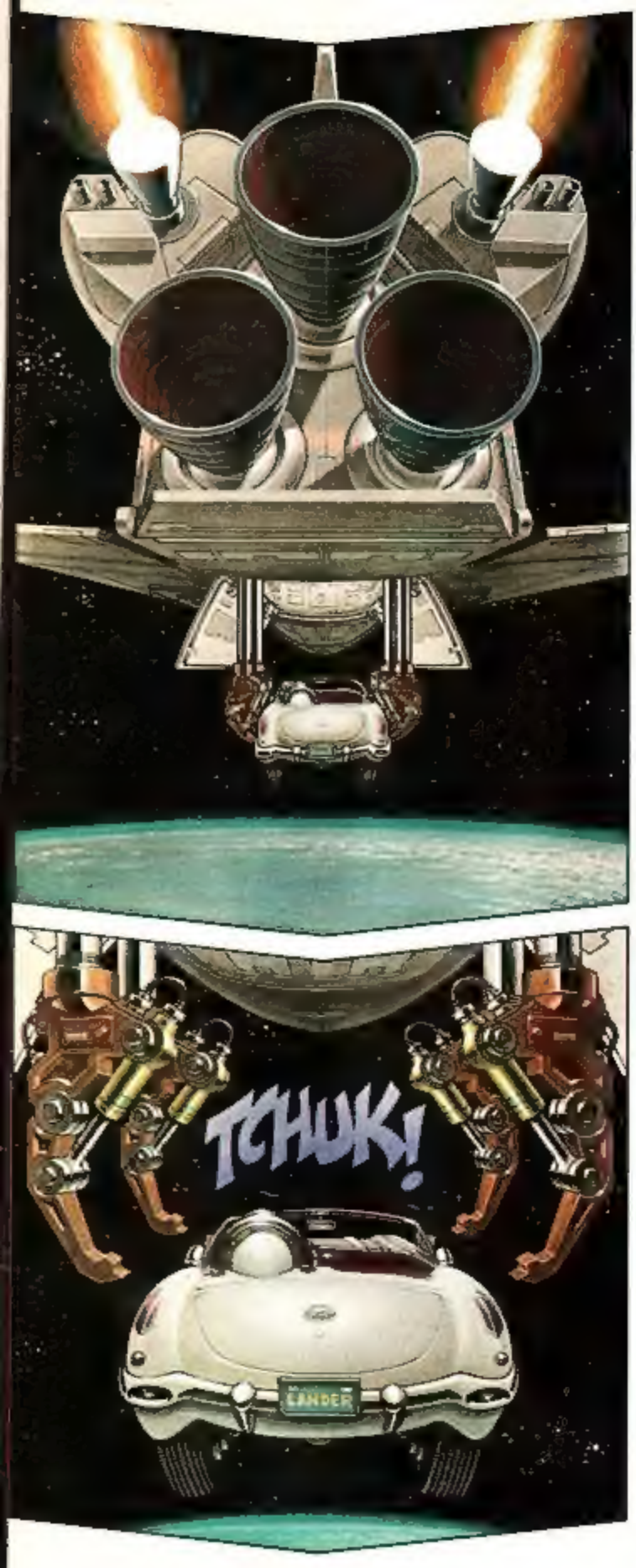
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

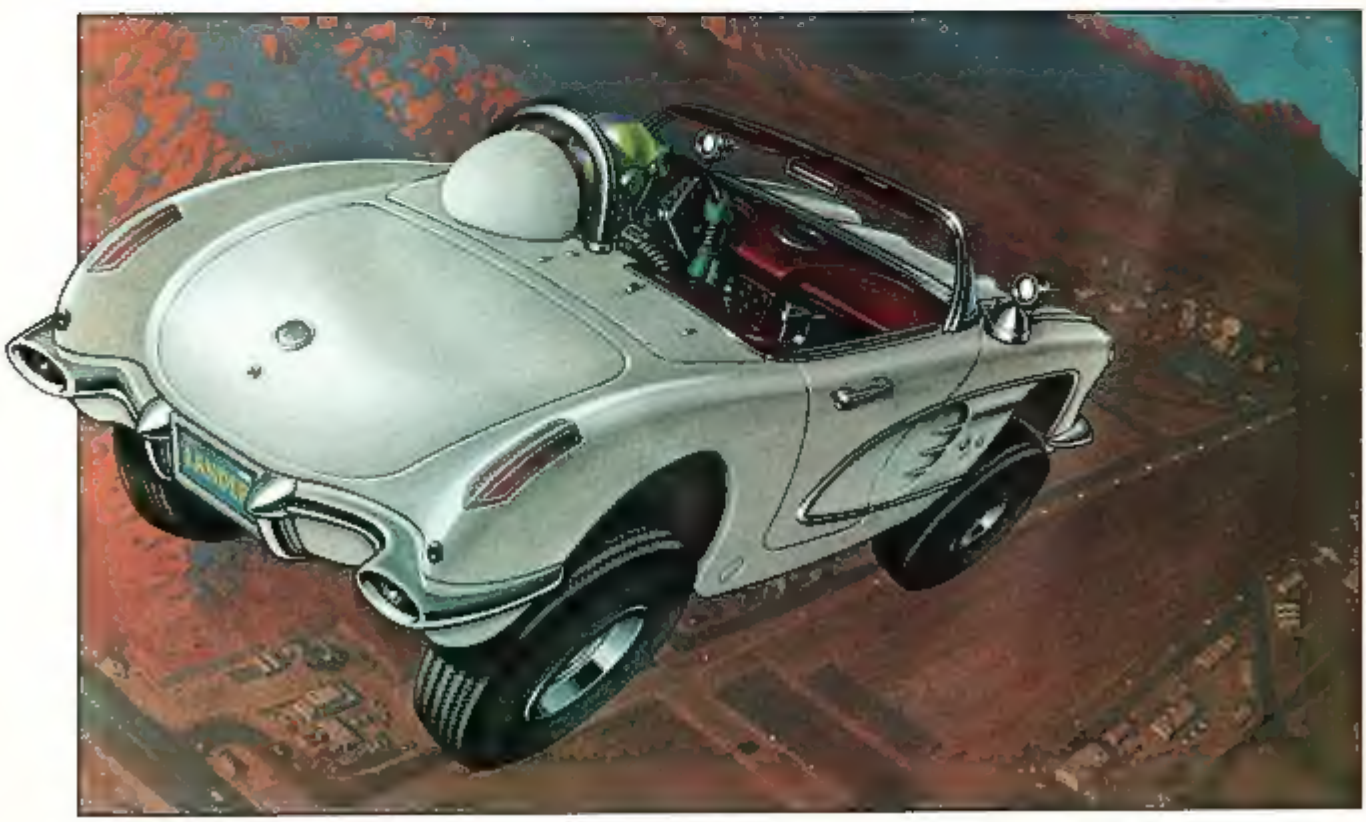
CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

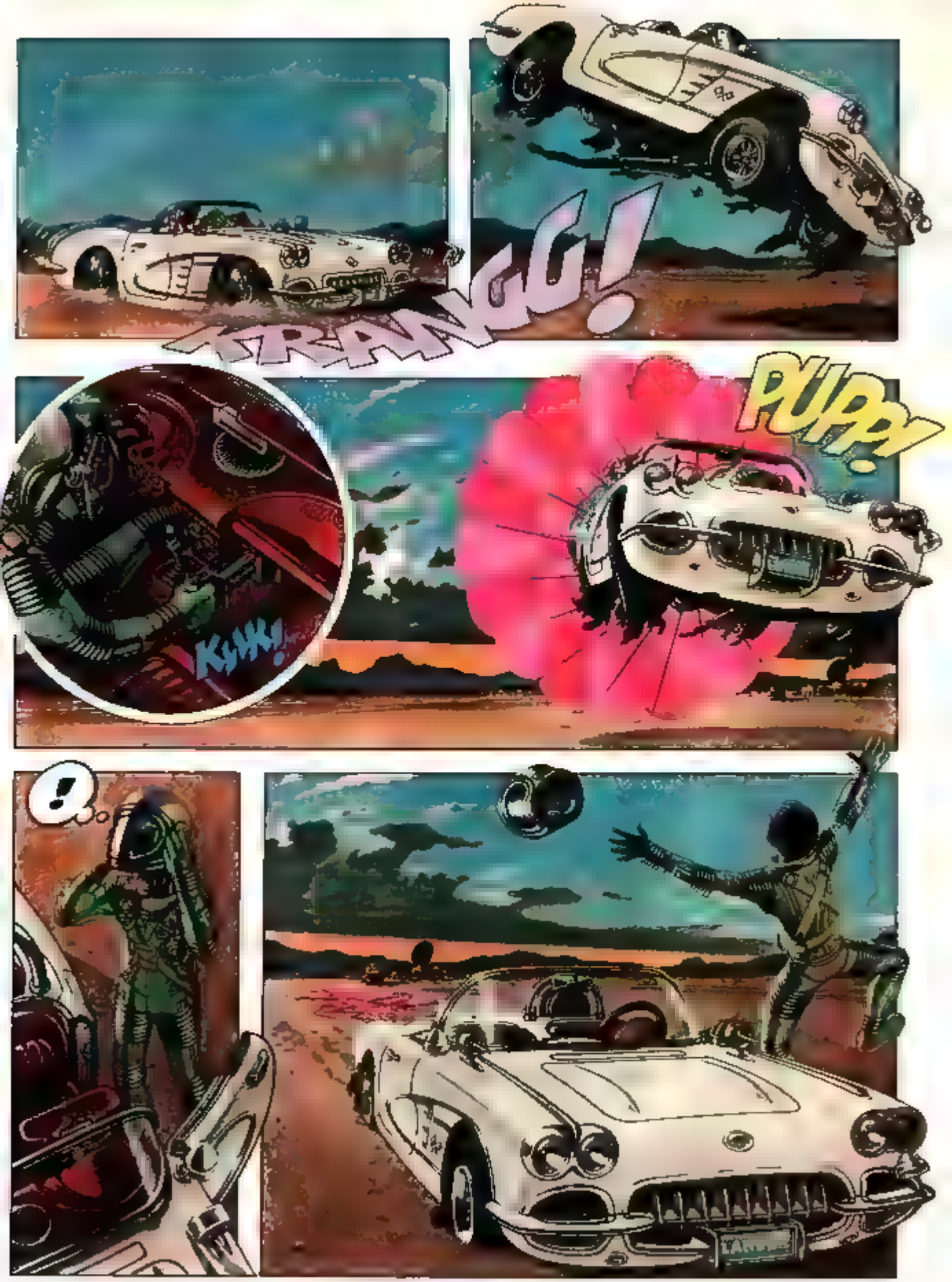
New York residents, please add applicable sales tax.


SOFT
LANDING
Concept: Dan O'Bannon
Art: Thomas Warkentin
NASA
Enterprise
Copyright 1979 Dan O Bannon & Thomas Warkentin

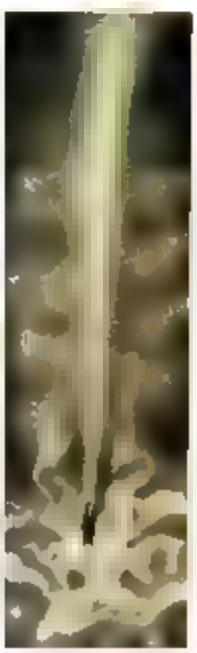

TCHUK!
LANDER

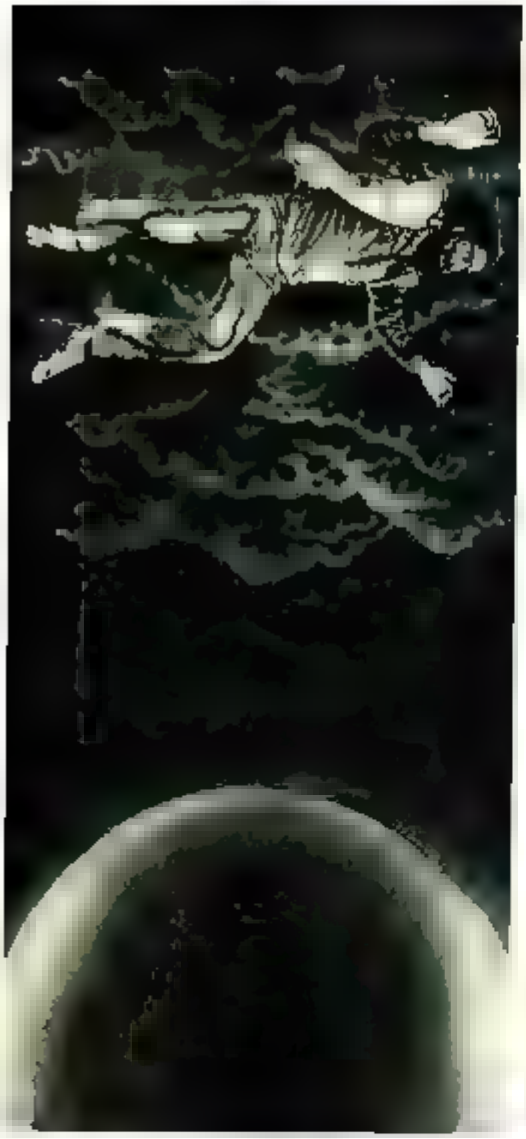
USA
USA

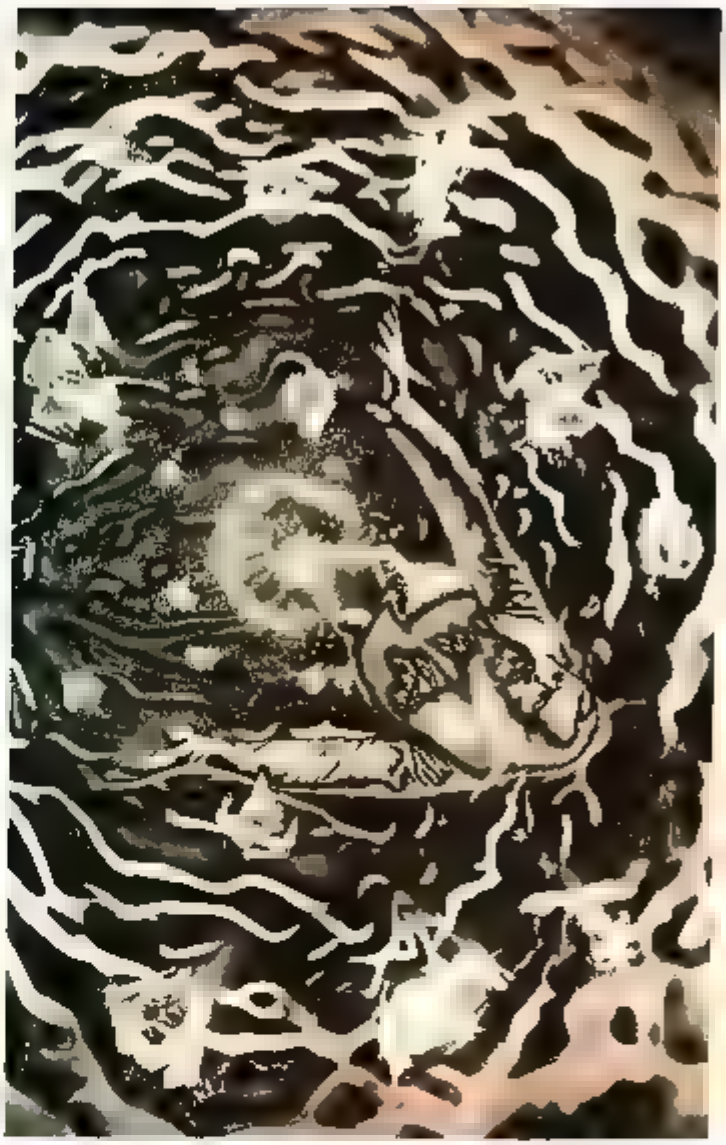


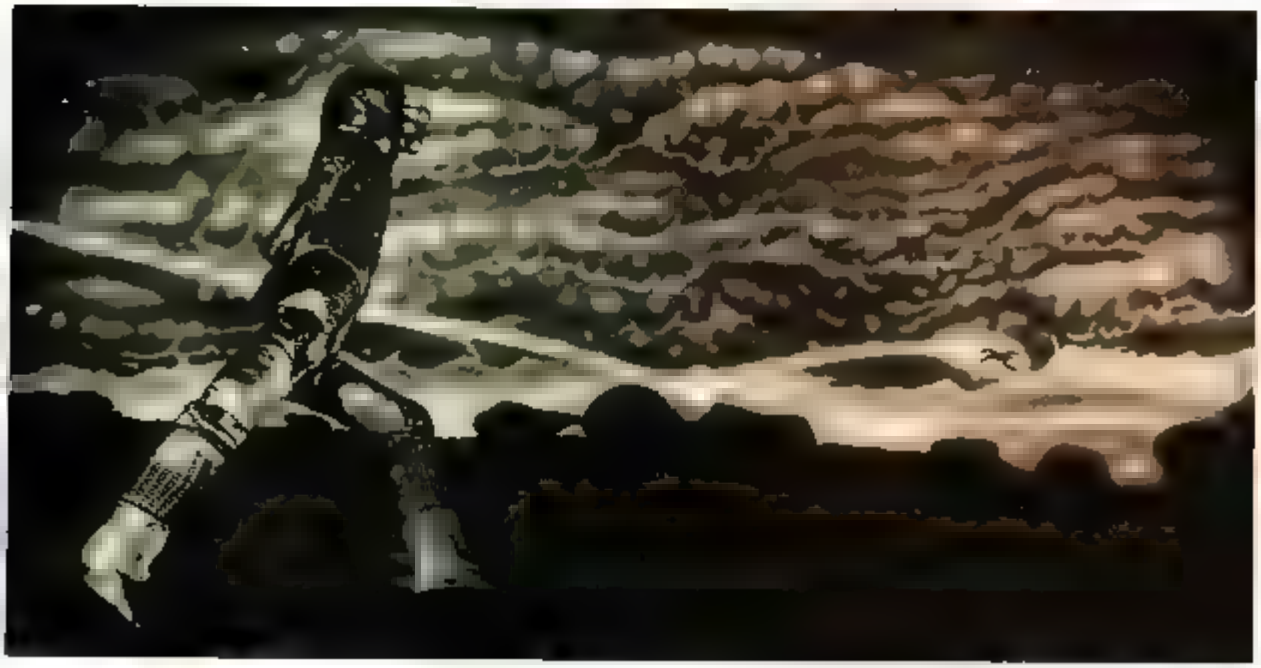

KRANG!
PUPP!
KLIK!
!

The DOLL









Let Us Transport You...

...to times past and future, to places distant and diverse. A galaxy of luminous illustration and limitless imagination is yours, month after month, in *Heavy Metal*, the world's most widely read adult science fiction and fantasy magazine. A subscription offers substantial savings over newsstand prices, and guarantees that you won't miss an issue.

Heavy Metal
The adult illustrated fantasy magazine.

Heavy Metal—635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 BK 979
Yes, I want to be a subscriber to Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine. I realize that this subscription entitles me to deduct $8.00 from the subscription prices listed below.

- ☐ I have enclosed my check or money order.
- ☐ Charge to my Master Charge #
- BankAmericard #
- Bank # Expiration Date (month) (year)
- Signature
- ☐ One year (12 issues) ..... $18.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $10.00
- ☐ Two years (24 issues) ..... $26.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $18.00
- ☐ Three years (36 issues) ..... $33.00. Deduct $8.00—you pay $25.00

Send my subscription to:

NAME:

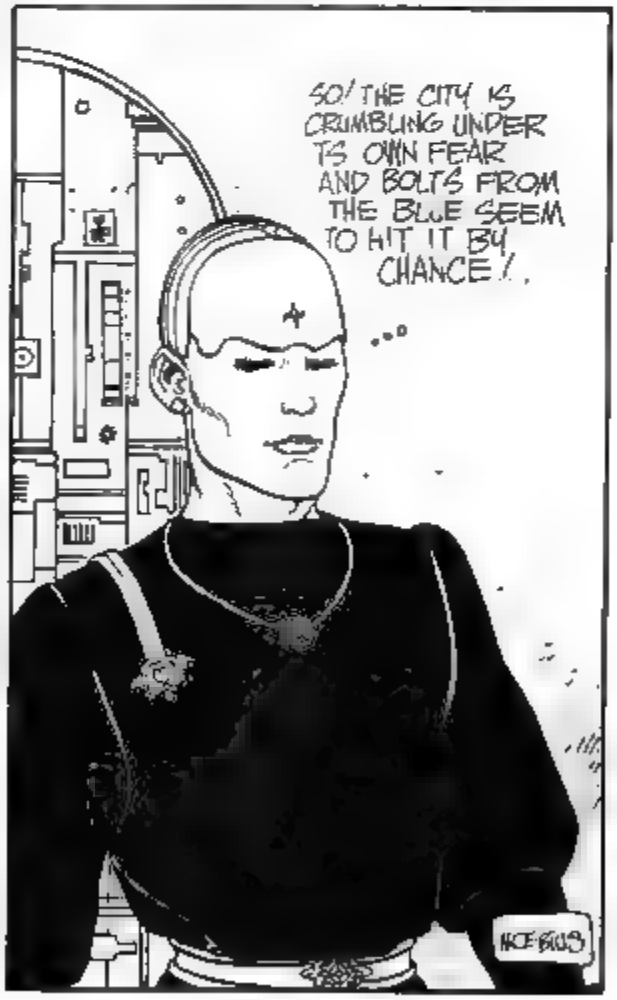
ADDRESS:

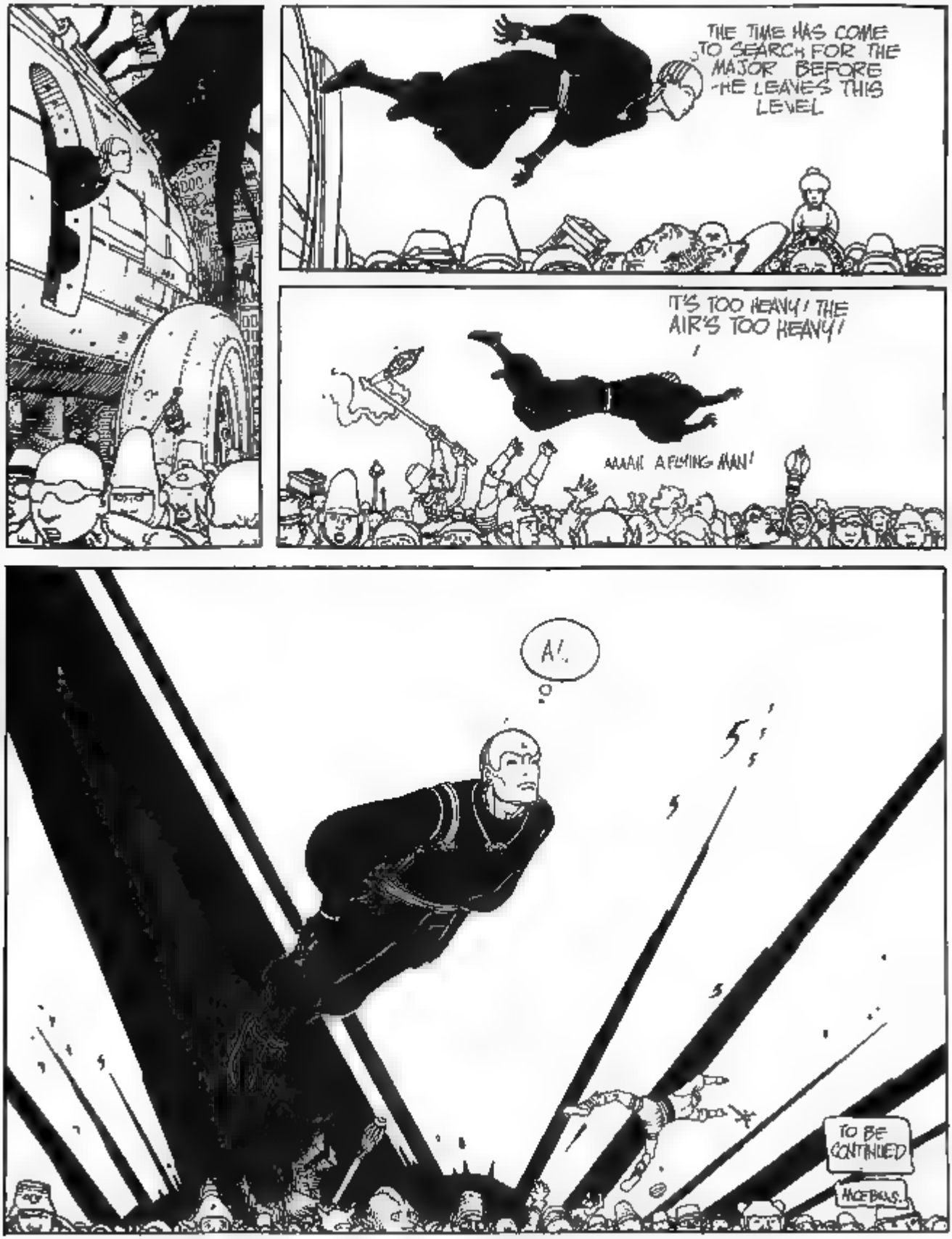
CITY: STATE: ZIP:

All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada. For each year, add $2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE OF JERRY CORNELIUS
by MOEBIUS

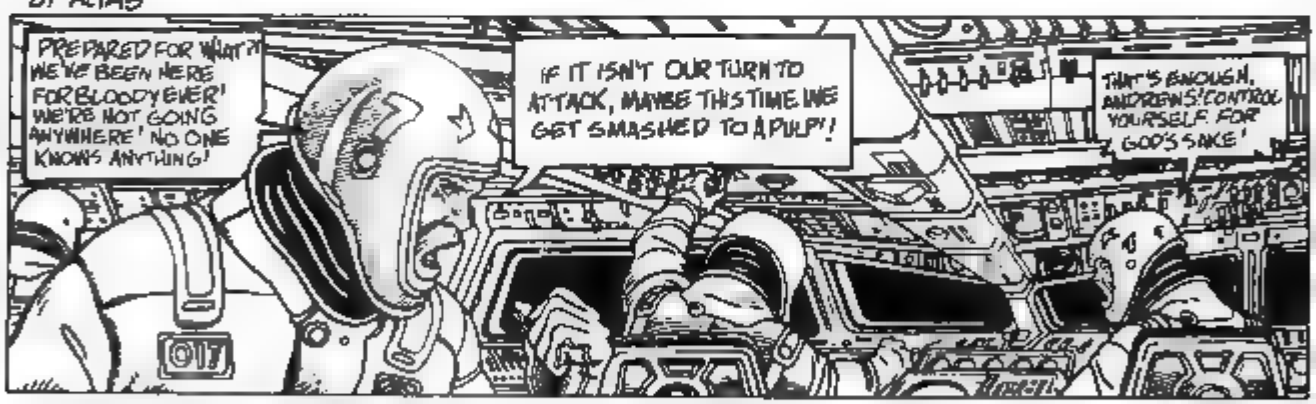
OUR STORY SO FAR: THINGS ARE GOING BADLY ON THE SECOND LEVEL. ARMJOURTH IS BEING SHELLED FROM THE HEAVENS AND SURROUNDED BY THIS CHAOS. J. CORN FINALLY MAKES HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE GOLDEN CAPITAL, THE PEARL OF THE TUNDRA.

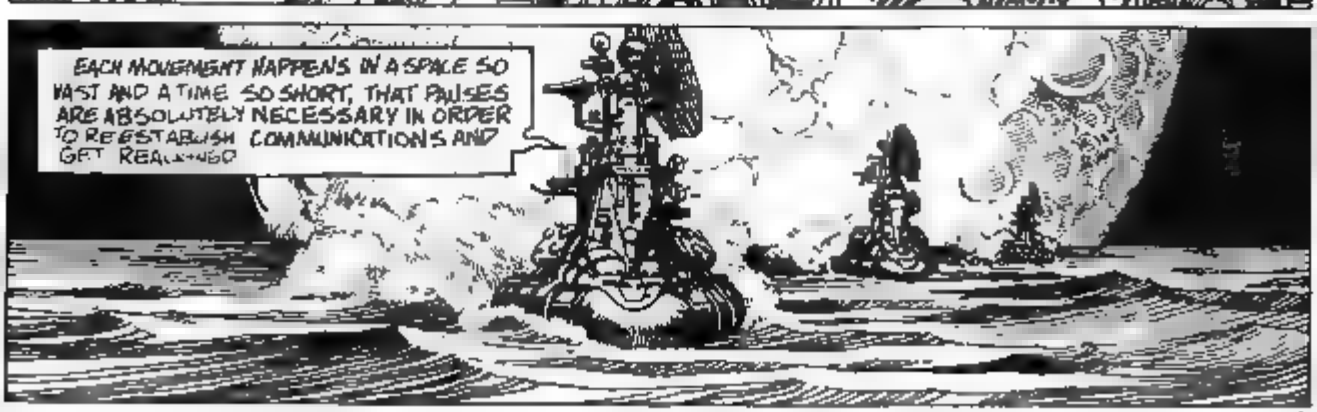



THE TIME HAS COME TO SEARCH FOR THE MAJOR BEFORE HE LEAVES THIS LEVEL
IT'S TOO HEAVY! THE AIR'S TOO HEAVY!
AAAAH A FLYING MAN!
A!
TO BE CONTINUED
MOEBIUS

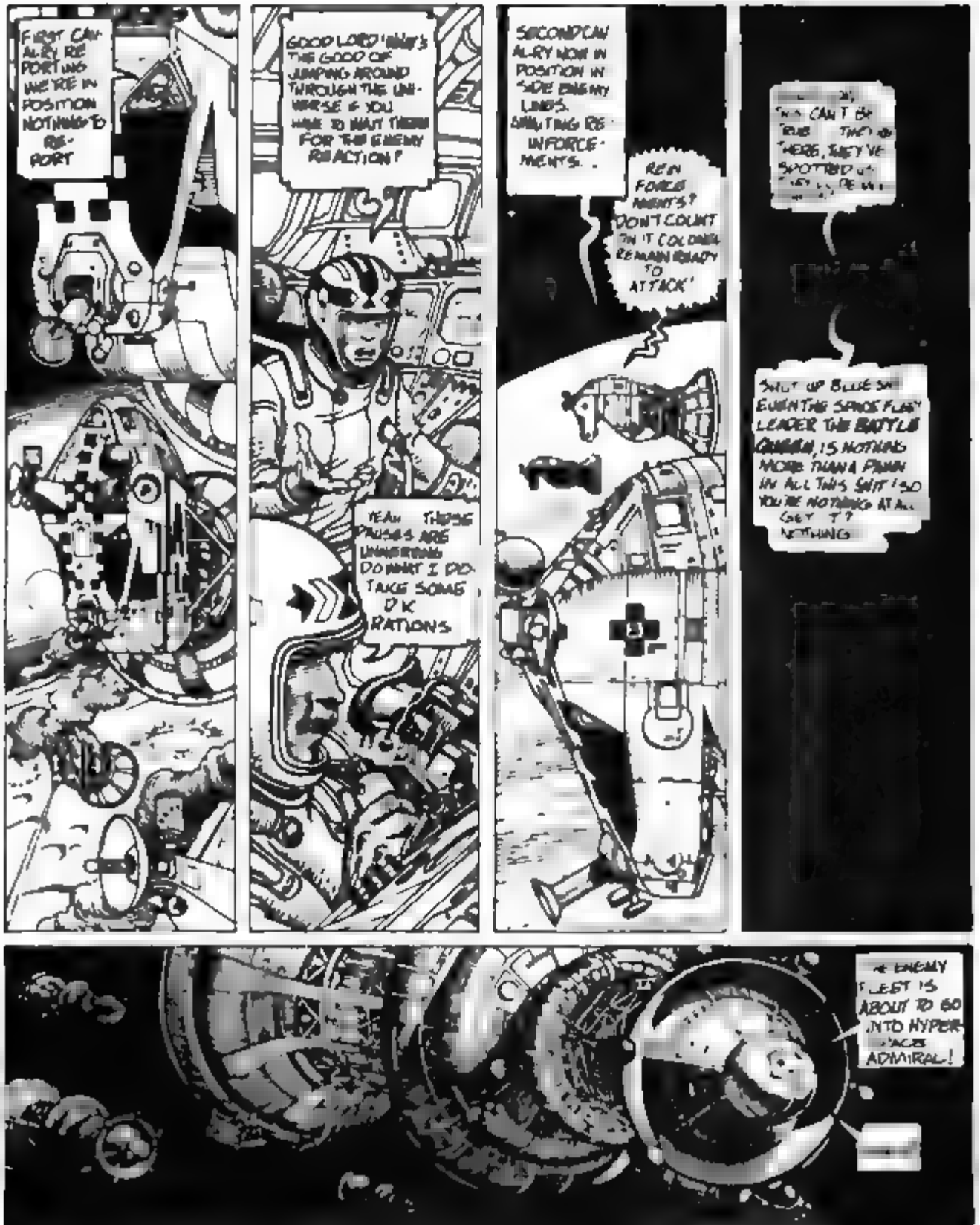
ONLY CONNECT - THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

BY ALIAS

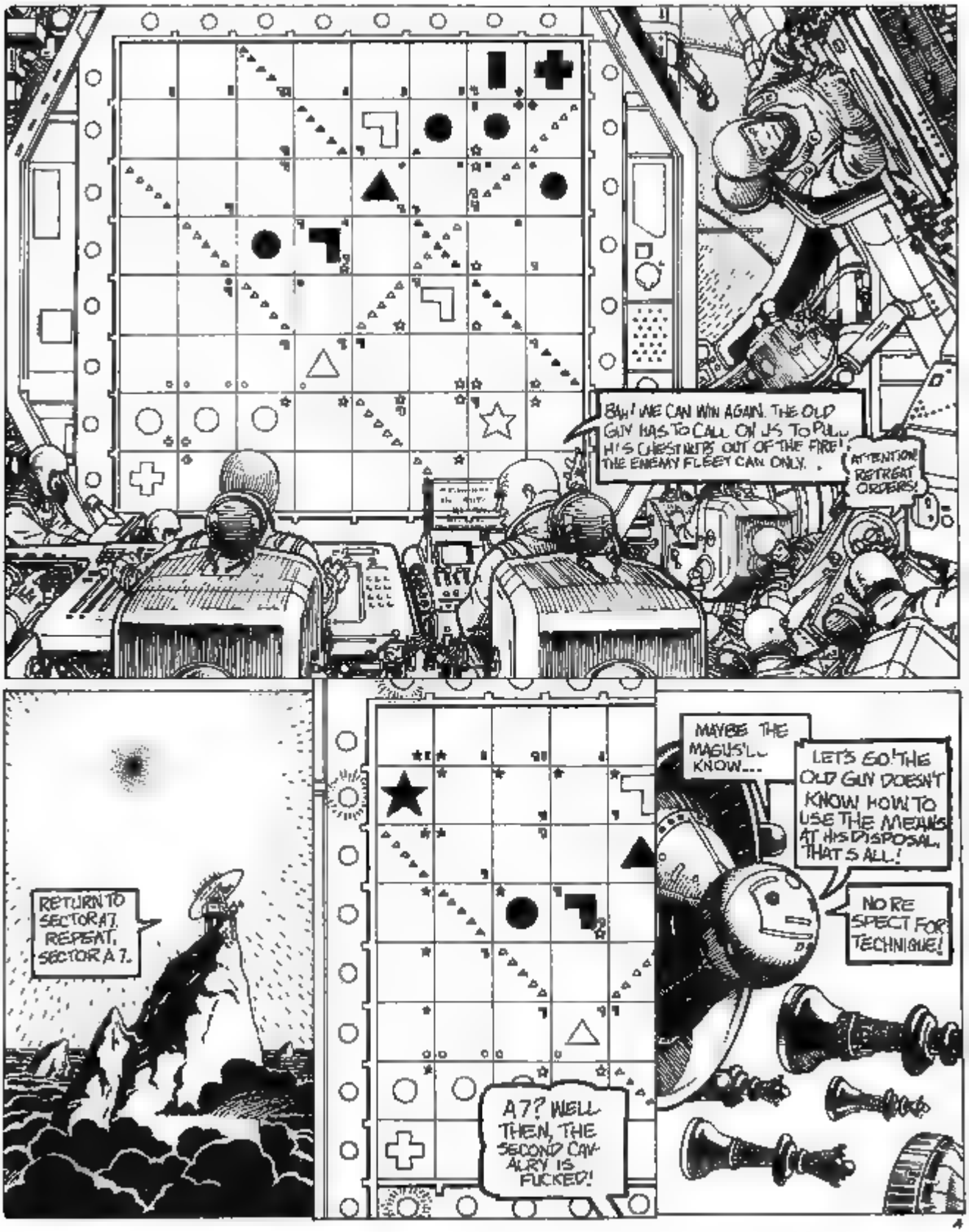

PREPARED FOR WHAT?! WE'VE BEEN HERE FOR BLOODY EVER! WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING!
IF IT ISN'T OUR TURN TO ATTACK, MAYBE THIS TIME WE GET SMASHED TO A PULP!
THAT'S ENOUGH, ANDREWS! CONTROL YOURSELF. FOR GOD'S SAKE!

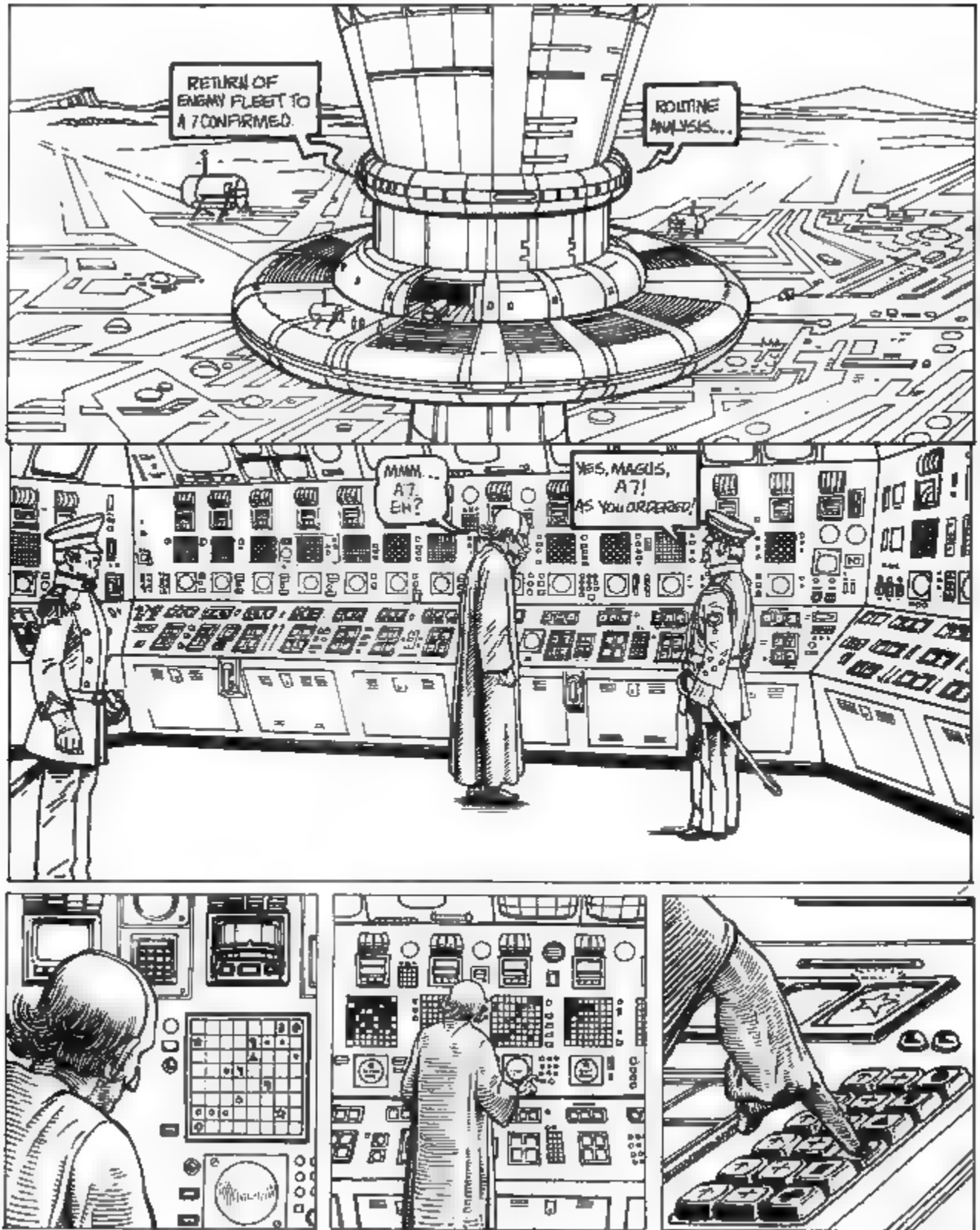

EACH MOVEMENT HAPPENS IN A SPACE SO VAST AND A TIME SO SHORT, THAT PAUSES ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY IN ORDER TO RE-ESTABLISH COMMUNICATIONS AND GET REALIGNED

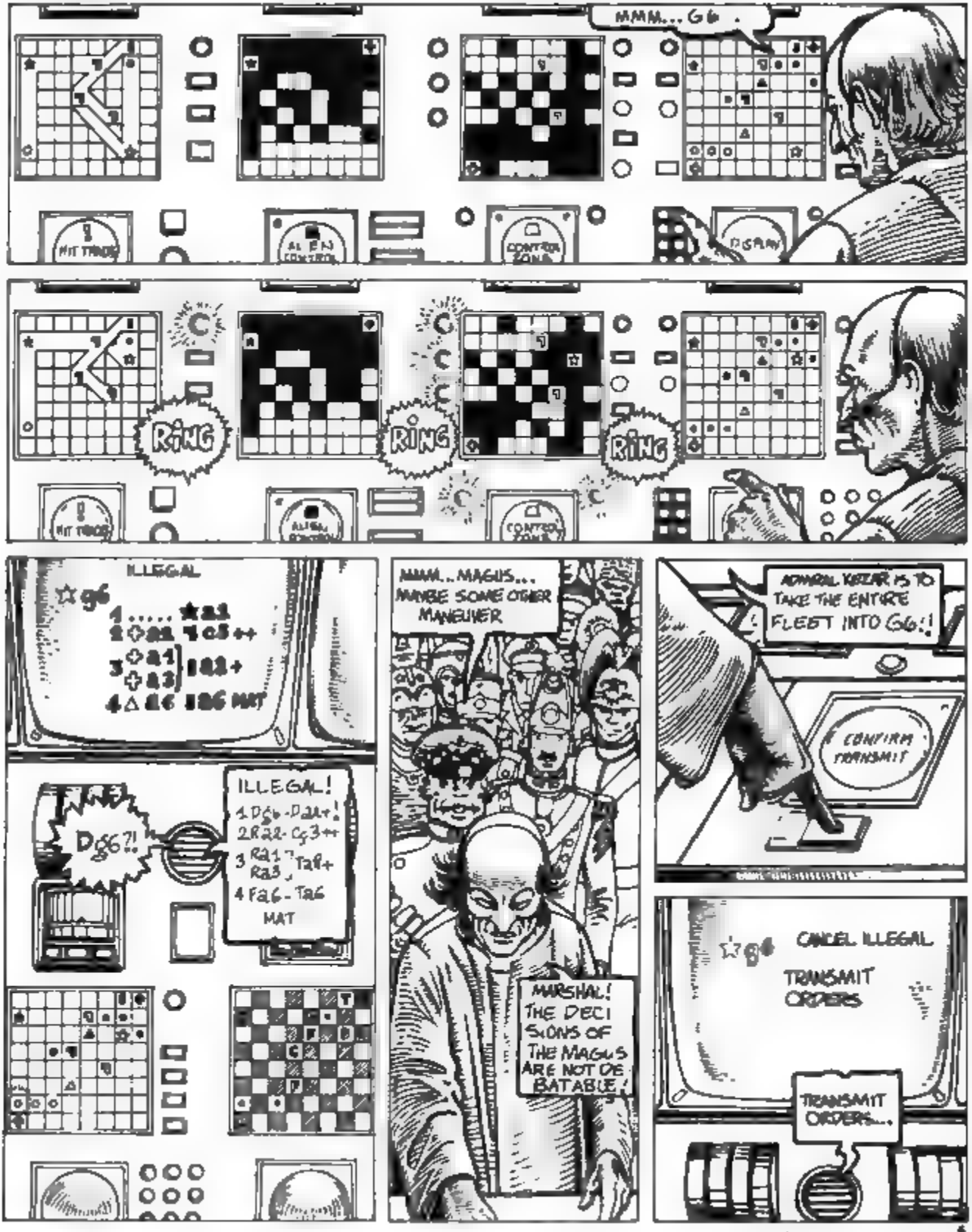
1


FIRST CAV ALRY RE PORTING WE'RE IN POSITION NOTHING TO RE- PORT
GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF JUMPING AROUND THROUGH THE UNI- VERSE IF YOU HAVE TO WAIT THERE FOR THE ENEMY REACTION?
YEAH THOSE CRUISERS ARE UNDERWAY DO WHAT I DO. TAKE SOME O K RATIONS.
SECOND CAV ALRY NOW IN POSITION IN SIDE ENEMY LINES. AWAITING RE- INFORCE- MENTS. .
REIN FORCE MENTS? DON'T COUNT ON IT COLONEL REMAIN READY TO ATTACK!
SHUT UP BLUE SK EVEN THE SPACE FLEET LEADER THE BATTLE CRUISER, IS NOTHING MORE THAN A PAWN IN ALL THIS SHIT! SO YOU'RE NOTHING AT ALL GET IT? NOTHING
THE ENEMY FLEET IS ABOUT TO GO INTO HYPER SPACE ADMIRAL!

WE'LL WIN THE DECISIVE BATTLE, AND THE SPACE FLEET WILL BE VICTORIOUS!
SO WILL THE AP MARK.
WHERE'S GONDI?
AND WHY NOT? THIS MAJORS MIGHT ONCE THIS WAR AGAINST THE AN DROIDS BUT WE CAN'T WIN WITH-OUT US!
AND IF WE RETURN TO ALPHA AS VICTORS IT WILL BE BECAUSE OF OUR WEAPONS AND OUR IDEAS THE OLD FOOL WILL GO BACK TO HIS WORLY TOWER.
YOU MISUNDERSTAND THE SITUATION ZORLON. IT IS NOT ONE AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY THE ENEMY FLEET WILL BE APPEAR


BAH! WE CAN WIN AGAIN. THE OLD GUY HAS TO CALL ON US TO PULL HIS CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE! THE ENEMY FLEET CAN ONLY. .
ATTENTION! RETREAT ORDERS!
RETURN TO SECTOR A7. REPEAT, SECTOR A 7.
A7? WELL THEN, THE SECOND CAVALRY IS FUCKED!
MAYBE THE MAGUS'LL KNOW....
LET'S GO! THE OLD GUY DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO USE THE MEANS AT HIS DISPOSAL, THAT'S ALL!
NO RESPECT FOR TECHNIQUE!


RETURN OF ENEMY FLEET TO A 7 CONFIRMED.
ROUTINE ANALYSIS...
MMM... A7, EH?
YES, MAGUS, A7! AS YOU ORDERED!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

BUCK ROGERS
IN THE 25TH CENTURY
JIM LAWRENCE
GRAY MORROW

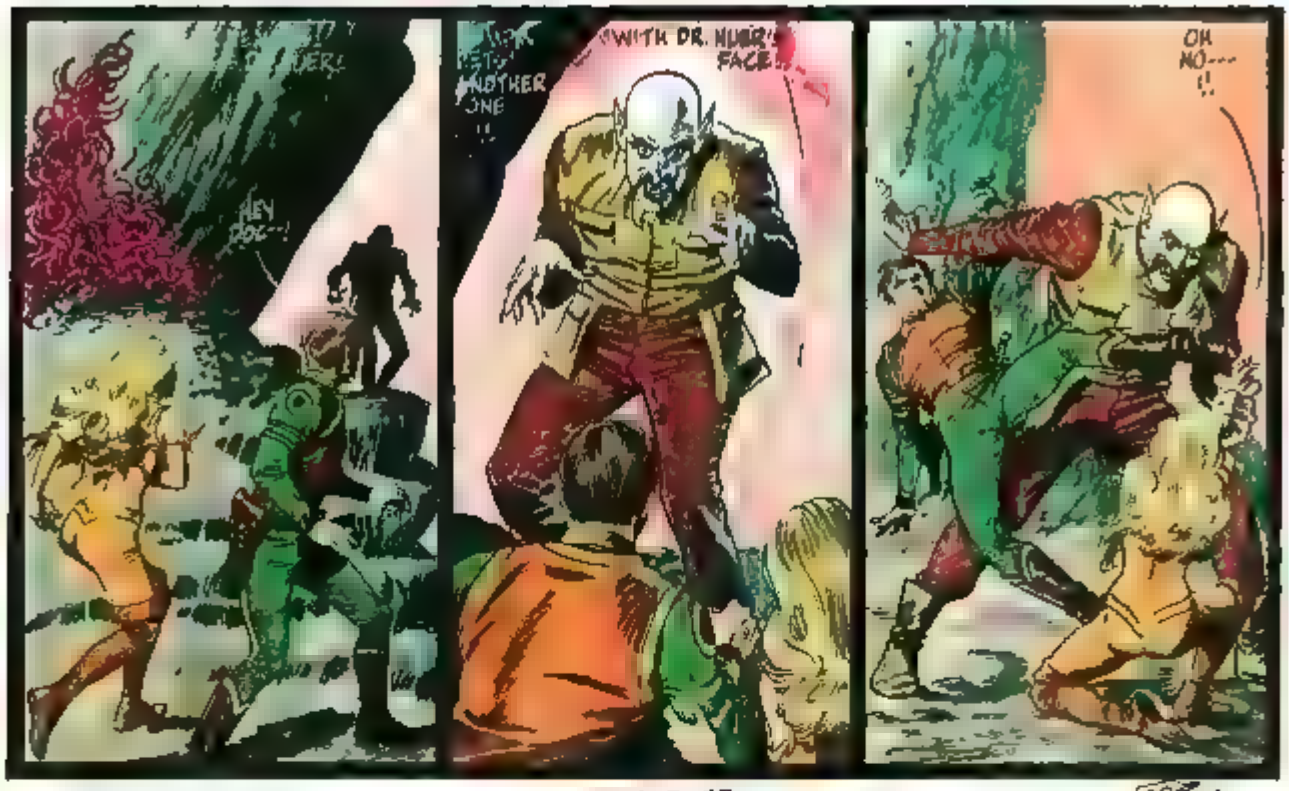
BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY
ON THE MOON OF MADNESS!
YET NOTHING HAS BEEN HEARD FROM ITS INHABITANTS IN OVER A THOUSAND YEARS.
A RACE OF SOME SORT DWELT HERE!

WHAT FANTASTIC MURALS!
MONSTERS WITH HUMAN FACES!
A MOON TEMPLE, PERHAPS?
DO YOU SUPPOSE THOSE CREATURES WERE REAL OR MYTHOLOGICAL?
IF THEY'RE THE JOKERS WHO BUILT THIS CITY--WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?
GOOD QUESTIONS!.. BUT WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE SHIP!
WE MAY NEVER UNRIDDLE THE NOLBIAN'S FATE--YET I'VE A FEELING THE ANSWER LIES UP THERE!
FLY ME TO THE MOON HUH?
LUNAR

AS DESERTED AS HOLD ITSELF.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN
BUT EVEN MORE DISTURBING!
...OOH! LIFE AT LAST--.
SOMETHING EVIL ABOUT THIS SPOT! ...HOW CAN I TRUST EITHER OF THEM?!... AFTER ALL THEY'RE BOTH... MALE
3

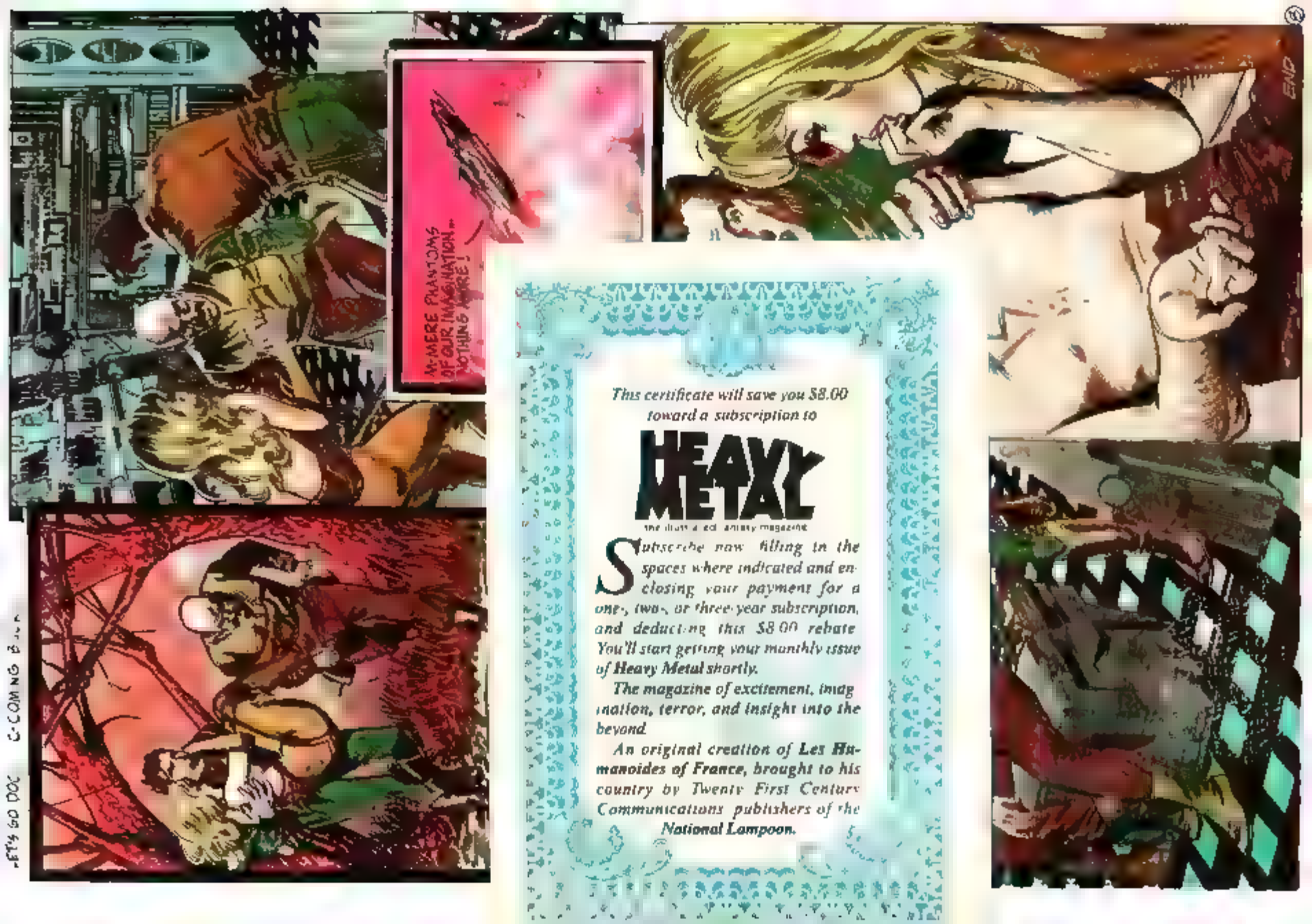
OKAY--WE'LL EACH GO OUR OWN WAY IF THAT'S HOW THEY WANT TO PLAY !
HOLY SMOKIN' ROCKETS! WHAT'S THAT?!
NO--!
WILMA!!
YES!!
BUCK - MY DARLING.

DUCK! HELP!...
WILMA'S VOICE! ... THE REAL WILMA!
GOOD NIGHT... ANOTHER MONSTER!!
SUFFERIN' SATELLITES! 'TIS ME!
BANG!
WHAT A GROTESQUE PARODY
THUNK!
COME IN.
6


HEY DOC--!
ANOTHER ONE !!
WITH DR. NIGHT'S FACE!
OH NO---- !!

UNSPEAKABLE FIEND
UNHAND HER YOU CREEP.

CRIPES! EVEN CARVING MY INITIAL DOESN'T FAZE THE BRUTE!!
STOP--!!
IT'S DISINTEGRATING!
AS DO WE ALL-- WHEN CONFRONTED WITH OUR INEXORABLE FATE! EVEN CREATURES OF FANTASY CANNOT FACE UP TO-- DEATH!!
UGGHH. STEADY ON WILMA GRL! I'LL SOON HAVE YOU FREE!
7



This certificate will save you $8.00 toward a subscription to

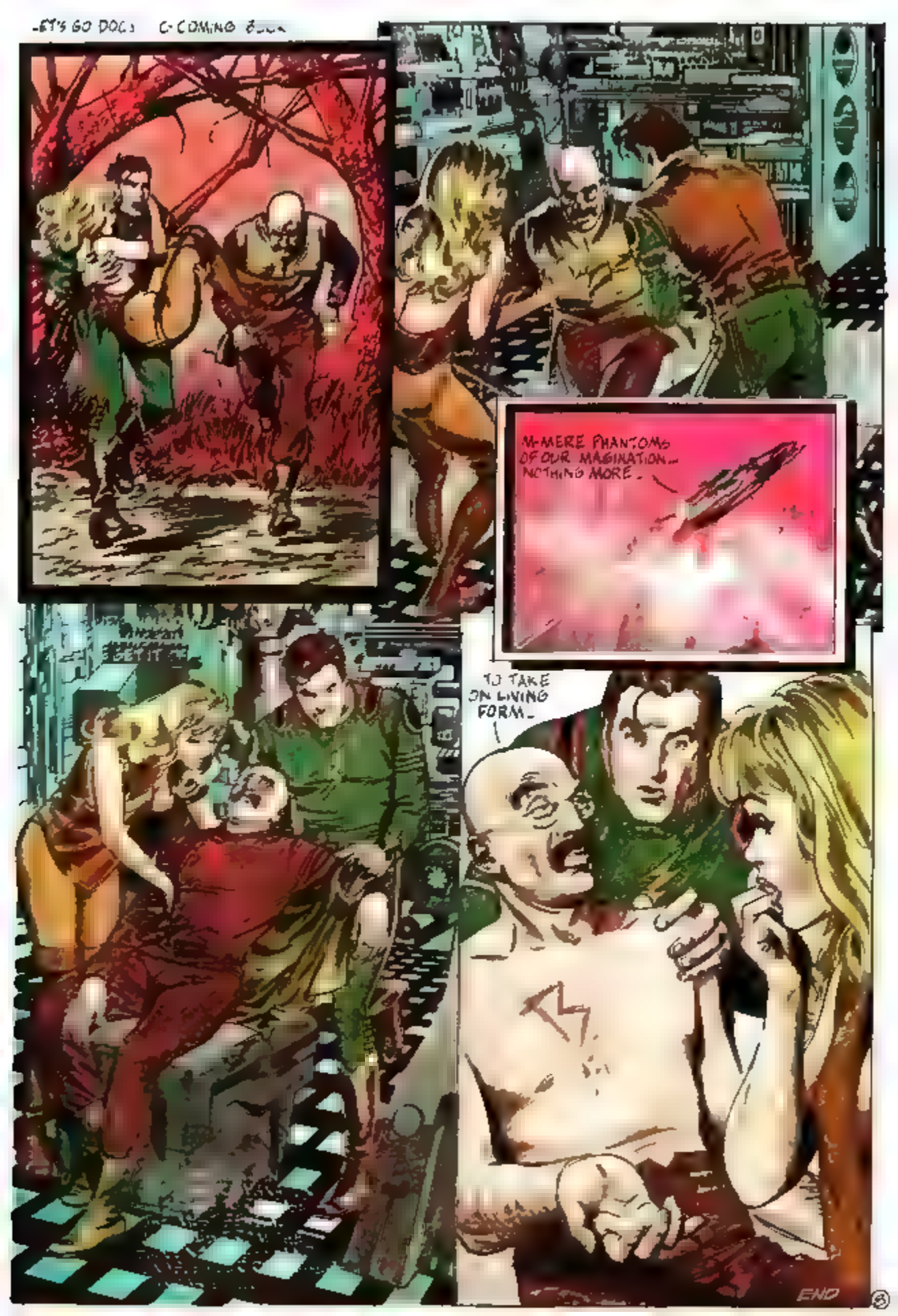
HEAVY METAL

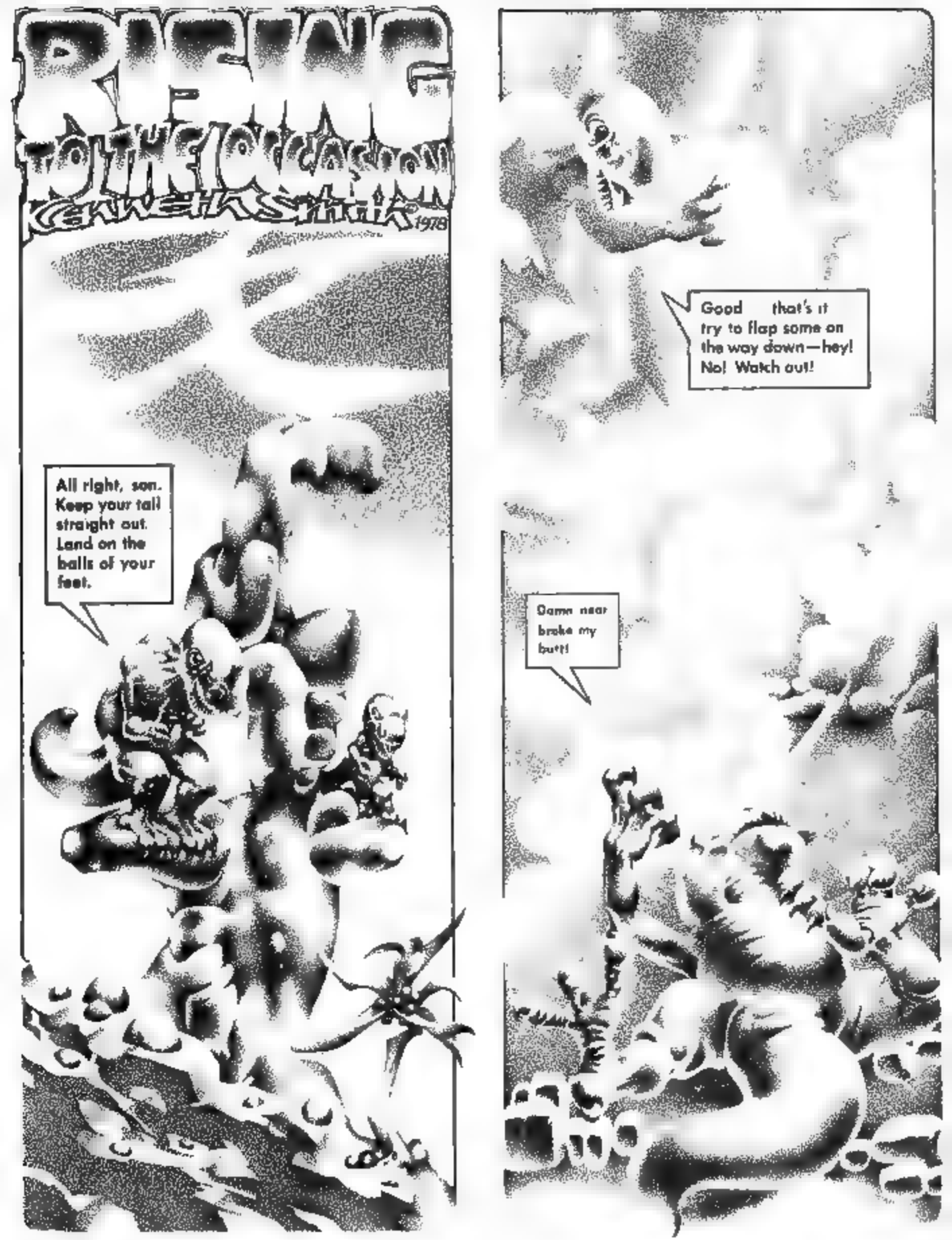
the illustrated fantasy magazine

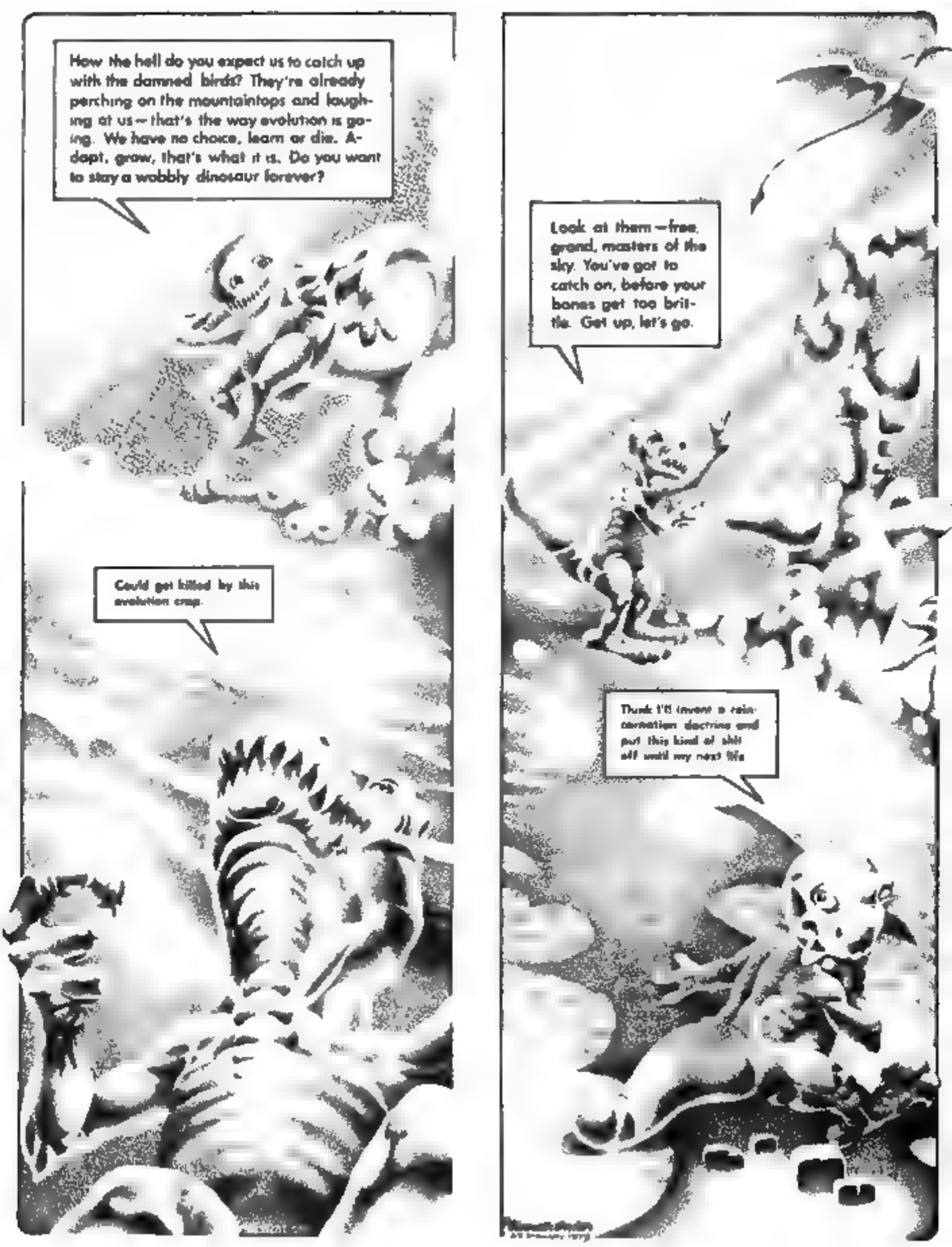
Subscribe now filling in the spaces where indicated and enclosing your payment for a one-, two-, or three-year subscription, and deducting this $8.00 rebate. You'll start getting your monthly issue of ***Heavy Metal*** *shortly.*

The magazine of excitement, imagination, terror, and insight into the beyond.

An original creation of ***Les Humanoides of France,*** *brought to his country by Twenty First Century Communications publishers of the* ***National Lampoon.***


-LET'S GO DOG!
C-COMING
MMERE PHANTOMS OF OUR IMAGINATION... NOTHING MORE.
I SEE IT ME
TO TAKE ON LIVING FORM.
END


All right, son. Keep your tail straight out. Land on the balls of your feet.
Good that's it try to flap some on the way down—hey! No! Watch out!
Damn near broke my butt!


How the hell do you expect us to catch up with the damned birds? They're already perching on the mountaintops and laughing at us — that's the way evolution is going. We have no choice, learn or die. Adapt, grow, that's what it is. Do you want to stay a wobbly dinosaur forever?
Look at them — free, grand, masters of the sky. You've got to catch on, before your bones get too brittle. Get up, let's go.
Could get killed by this evolution crap.
Think I'll invent a reincarnation doctrine and put this kind of shit off until my next life

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL 1977 With Spider Kiddie, the first chapters of Cartoon's Den and Book 6 Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel The Sword of Shannara. Morgaine and more! ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977 Introductory Report: the planned pleasure planet Vega and exotic inhabitants. Rhiannon astronauts. Conquering Armies are ultimate rock festival while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE 1977 Forbidden Nights excerpt: poetry by Cortez, a major illustrated [illegible] with short stories by Golden Mackenzie. Plausibly the highly powerful [illegible] World Apart when Den, Sunpot and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY 1977 [illegible] The Long Tomorrow, also the [illegible] and the Horrible Gold Green [illegible] ($3.00)

HM #5/AUGUST 1977 [illegible] Worlds Apart, Den and Petronius plus a [illegible] ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Galactic Attack: colour centrefold, historical chronology, characters, [illegible] Worlds Apart, Den and Petronius plus a Harzak Zelazny short story. ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, fallen, girl pulps, uniquely new and unusual, plus other horrible problems. 10 pages of color Mebeuses, the Adept Gallery, Jim and Phantom Reborn, and Nolan by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977 With new color pages by Mebeuse on the cover, Den continues in Doom Psionics and Worlds Apart as pure, [illegible] new Harlan Ellison story, the talented Heavy Metal artist. ($3.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This issue packed with 104 pages to keep you the complete sagas of Druillet's Gail, Den, Upper Reaches of the Realm and Caluba's Fool by Chaykin and Wein. In addition to all new contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Cowdrey and Morphis. ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY 1978: We get Morrow to describe Zolachy, we get Vess and Richard to update Byrnes, we get Mechan to do a Heavy Metal calendar girl, we conclude Conquering Armies and Untamed Girl. Of course you knew about the knights, the lights, and the Iron Wasp. ($3.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY 1978: Whatever began the new adventures of Barbarella, rushed to her premiere and made to her friends, and of [illegible] the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Cursaders and the Witch and Mistress down the opposite. Worlds Apart continued, the Den. ($3.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the ends of which hunts and the pivot of which all the problems of mass minds and the dangers of hatchways. Plus the final transplacturing episode of Orson Moore Humperdy Moon Dim Actsallmore Den. ($3.00)

HM #13/APRIL 1978: [illegible] Den, with 30 page insert from Paradise 9 by an [illegible] Also, [illegible] Worlds Apart and the Untamed. Barbarella ends both On and the [illegible] ($3.00)

HM #14/MAY 1978 Does it [illegible] Mad Masters of Darkness open to pages on bicycle boys, a carnival days [illegible] and [illegible] All dances with Mad Mad Harrison Orson and Barbarella. ($3.00)

HM #15/JUNE 1978 This time we go [illegible] the comic new Corben, Shelly and Torquil. Evolution On actually More [illegible] Barbarella and the whole New Changes Audio-[illegible] Satan and the origin of Ironsun. ($3.00)

HM #16/JULY 1978: A happy ending to Harlequin [illegible] Vess, Richard Corben, Druillet's Gail, the Corben adventures of Neutral Zone, [illegible] another part of the Arabian Nightsside from Corben. ($3.00)

HM #17/AUGUST 1978: Looks like more of the same from Corben, Caluba's Arabian Nights, Neiman, and the old More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail and going again the On-Session with cannibal islands girl uncovered and somebody finally touches the right button. ($3.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Escort Queen of the Bubble Women the Major's handle two all-action detectives. Arrayed the Warrior Woman Chaykin and Long Solange on Gas. Harlan Ellison's latest full of bizarre, [illegible] and wrecked. ($3.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the powerful [illegible] of dragons, a murder [illegible] Ellison, Glynn Griffin illustrated, and the arrival of Metal's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More new additions of the magazine. Sindbad Girl and Orion. ($3.00)

HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20 page excerpt from the Chaykin Delany fantasy, where Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Elementalist escapes, Sinbane makes war, the 500 Mad Brigadiers, Gruesome Artists, Too Late Jed, Torquil's reform as the final issue. So Beautiful and So Dangerous, Girl and more. Dedicated Planet. ($3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into White, and wrapping up Orion and Oil-Session with special Tarot covering cards, wreaths and wraiths. Crochet crumbs, and a peeper by Vess, a 12-page Metalsaurs monster jam. ($3.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of surprises, to start with. Plus our first Frank and Jeremy Gail [illegible] with Arabian Nights. Some degradation, a quasi-intro and the original tales from the Mad Metal and Captain Wharram's world. ($3.00)

HM #23/FEBRUARY 1979 Our [illegible] Caribbean believe the origin of the tale of the Sea [illegible] and we [illegible] Metal's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. Mad Masters and Mad Monks [illegible] Native tale of Mexico's Mongoose & Snake by popular demand. Galactic Geography. Here's the story of a Star Ticket Hotel and much much more. ($3.00)

HM #24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin, Alphabet Soup by Corben, Up for grabs, a pure rumble, analyzed by Walter the Wise Cream II and Elsewhere's Late Show. Also handsome and supervision. ($3.00)

HM #25/APRIL, 1979: Second birthday bash with Chaykin's great new Captain Kargo tale, an Alex portfolio, Val Mayerik's Time Out the first chapter of Pylocon, fetish by Arthur Suydam, ghost ships, robots, mechanization and other goodies for you. ($3.00)

HM #26/MAY 1979: [illegible] Metal's [illegible] Den, Upper Reaches of the Realm, Gail, [illegible] Mad Monks, [illegible] Mad Masters, [illegible] and many of Corben's [illegible] ($3.00)

HM #27/JUNE 1979 And the guys who brought you the pornpatrol Charles De Glaize and Richard Corben [illegible] 64 pages of the wild and wacky adventures of Captain Lilley Pop. The second episode of the Illustrated Alien Mickey's psychic vision of Mick Jagger in the year 2031. Cheap Thrills is surrounded with Janis, Jimi and Peppi Conspiracies. Meets the Devil's Wife, and also the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous. Willy we hardly knew you. So on. ($3.00)

HM #28/JULY 1979: Caliphs, Kids, Druillet's Gail, Corben's Mistress, and Mothers & Garages continue their [illegible] Mayerik's Time Out, Jeremy's New tales of the Arabian Nights. Grand appearance of Purple Heart Arts. Hearts the Ugly Green Head, and Corben and Jeremy. Night in Bald Mountain. Dead Queen! ($3.00)

HM #29/AUGUST 1979: We find ourselves with all these Americans doing weird. European stuff—man, dear!! Mayerik takes the story of how the world came to be one step further. Suydam's sailors visit a wrapped-out house of all issues and the latest adventures of Mona White come to an end. Plus, sky diving, Dave's New Ark City, and an A stocking of celebrations is proposed in Kelloed's "Galactic Geography." ($3.00)

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS while with black lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of Heavy Metal. ($5.50) Or buy one and we will pay the twelve 1978 issues. $25.00
HEAVY METAL

HEAVY METAL

Dept. HM
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send me the following.

No. of copies	Issue	Price
	Apr. 1977	$5.00
	May 1977	$4.00
	June, 1977	$3.00
	July 1977	$3.00
	Aug. 077	$3.00
	Sept. 1977	$3.00
	Oct. 1977	$3.00
	Nov. 077	$3.00
	Dec. 977	$3.00
	Jan. 1978	$3.00
	Feb. 1978	$3.00
	Mar. 1978	$3.00
	Apr. 978	$3.00
	May 1978	$3.00
	June 1978	$3.00
	July, 1978	$3.00
	Aug. 1978	$3.00
	Sept. 1978	$3.00
	Oct. 1978	$3.00
	Nov. 1978	$3.00
	Dec. 1978	$2.00
	Jan. 979	$2.00
	Feb. 1979	$2.00
	Mar. 1979	$2.00
	Apr. 1979	$2.00
	May 1979	$2.00
	June 1979	$2.00
	July 1979	$2.00
	Aug. 1979	$2.00
	Binder	$5.50
	Binder with 1978 issues	$25 plus $1 postage and handling

I've enclosed a total of $.

This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling. All issues are mailed in protective covering.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

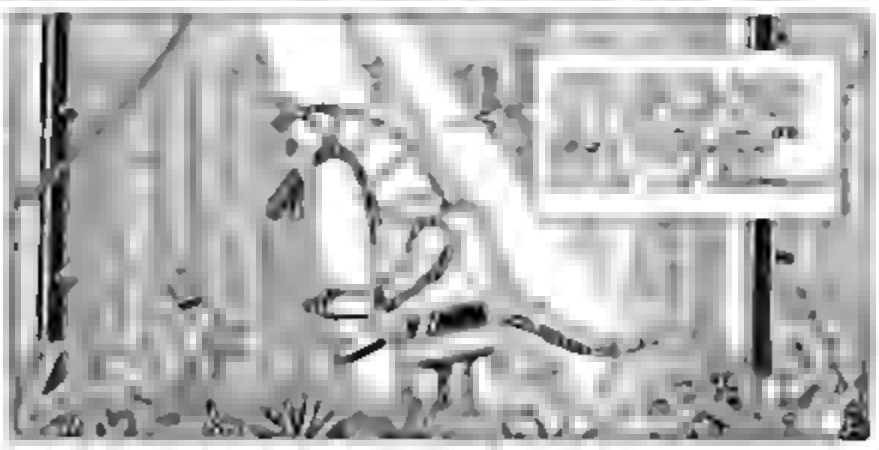
City _____

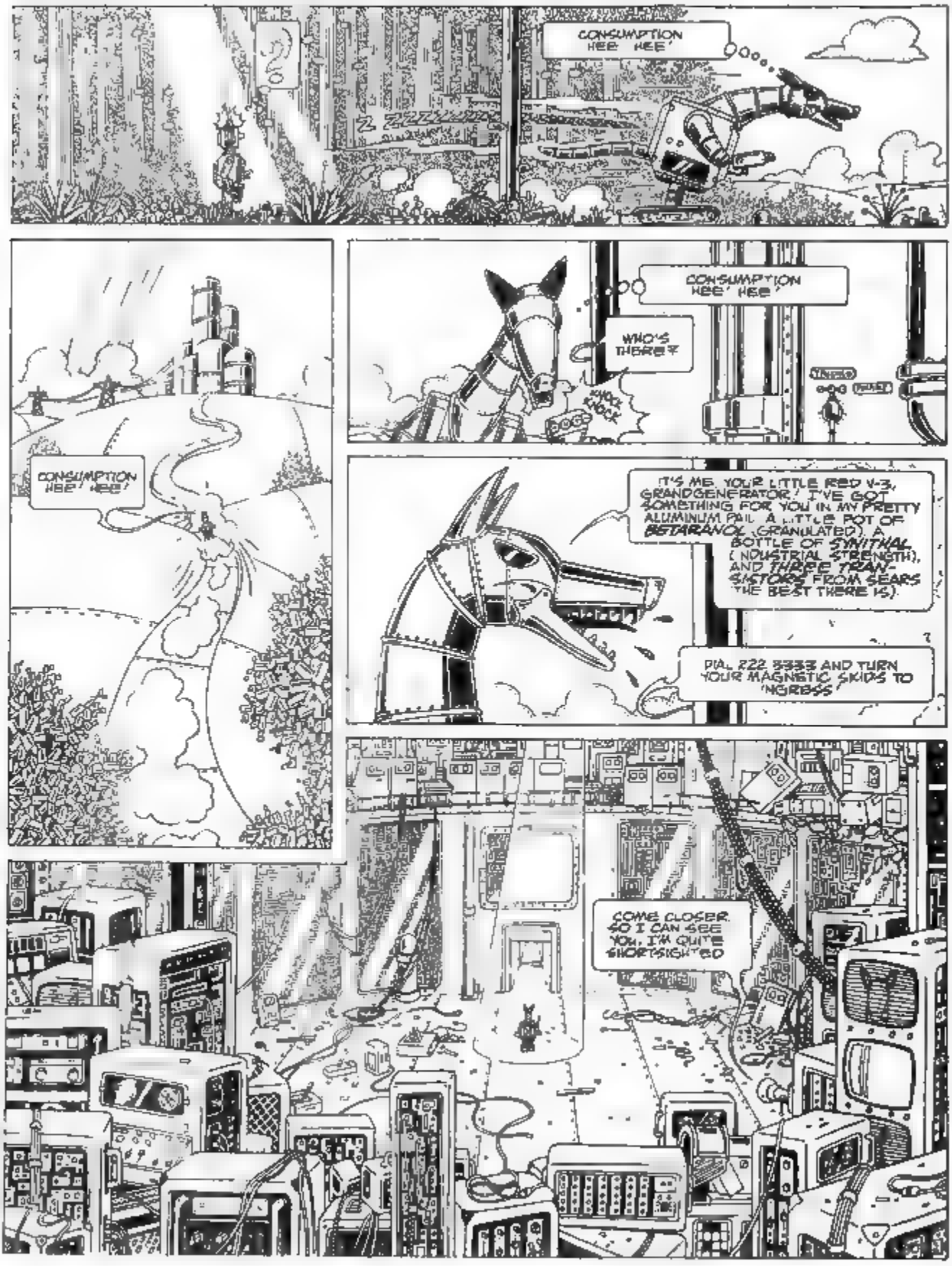
State _____ Zip _____

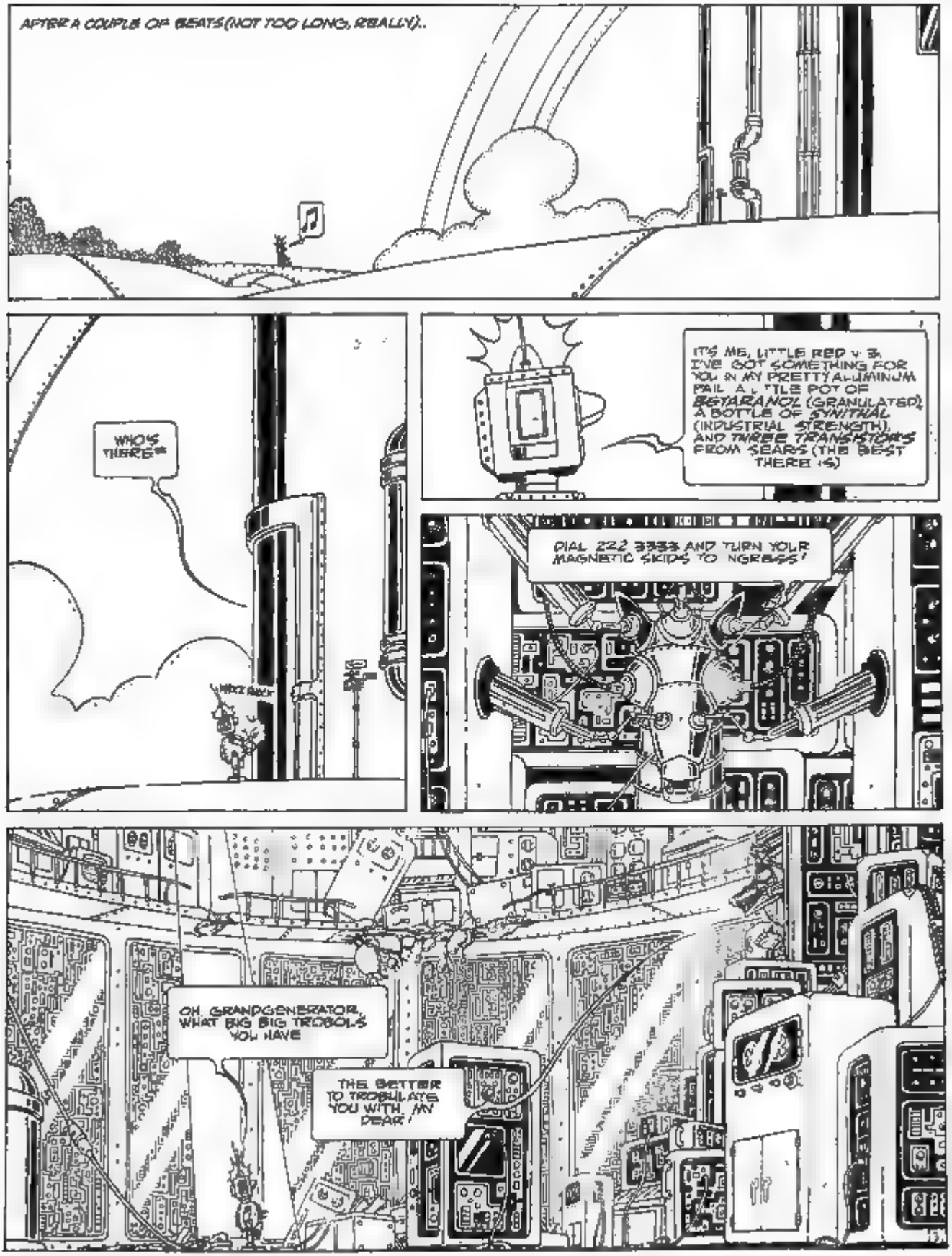
If you do not wish to cut the coupon on this ad, but still wish to order, please print or type all necessary information and enclose it with a check or money order.

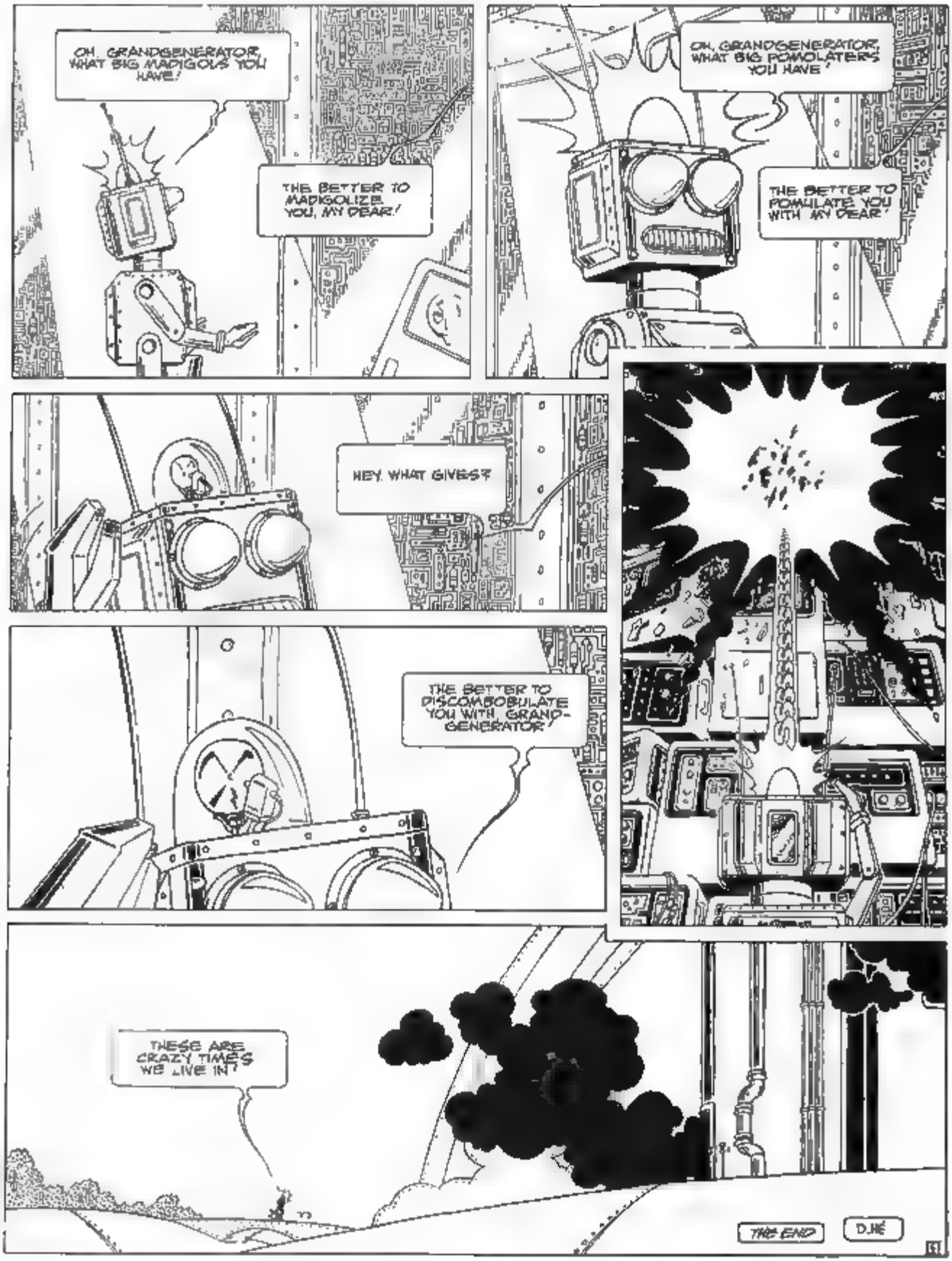
LITTLE RED V-8

METALCORE




CONSUMPTION HEE HEE'
Z ZZZZZZZZ
CONSUMPTION HEE HEE'
WHO'S THERE?
KNOCK KNOCK
CONSUMPTION HEE HEE'
IT'S ME, YOUR LITTLE RED V-3, GRANDGENERATOR! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU IN MY PRETTY ALUMINUM PAIL. A LITTLE POT OF BETARANOL (GRANULATED), A BOTTLE OF SYNITHAL (INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH), AND THREE TRANSISTORS FROM SEARS (THE BEST THERE IS).
DIAL 222 3333 AND TURN YOUR MAGNETIC SKIDS TO 'NORBSS'
COME CLOSER SO I CAN SEE YOU, I'M QUITE SHORTSIGHTED


AFTER A COUPLE OF BEATS (NOT TOO LONG, REALLY)..
WHO'S THERE?
IT'S ME, LITTLE RED V. 3. I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU IN MY PRETTY ALUMINUM FAIL. A LITTLE POT OF BETARANOL (GRANULATED), A BOTTLE OF SYNITHAL (INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH), AND THREE TRANSISTORS FROM SEARS (THE BEST THERE IS)
DIAL 222 3333 AND TURN YOUR MAGNETIC SKIDS TO NGRESS!
OH, GRANDGENERATOR, WHAT BIG BIG TROBOLS YOU HAVE
THE BETTER TO TROBULATE YOU WITH, MY DEAR!


OH, GRANDGENERATOR, WHAT BIG MADIGOLS YOU HAVE!
THE BETTER TO MADIGOLIZE YOU, MY DEAR!
OH, GRANDGENERATOR, WHAT BIG POMOLATERS YOU HAVE!
THE BETTER TO POMULATE YOU WITH, MY DEAR!
HEY, WHAT GIVES?
THE BETTER TO DISCOMBOBULATE YOU WITH, GRAND-GENERATOR!
THESE ARE CRAZY TIMES WE LIVE IN!
THE END
D.HÉ

The Grail War

by Richard Monaco

Broaditch of Nigh was watching the bony-backed mules *plop-plopping* along the muddy trail that frothed under the steady rain. Their sides were slick and the animal reek hung in the sluggish cool air sharper than the smell of earth. The open cart jerked and creaked along. He wondered if he might not have done better to walk. The cold water splashed over his hood and spattered his reddened face.

The heavy-bearded monk, face obscure in the shadow of his full cowl, held the reins with chapped fingers. His long body swayed with each lurch and tilt as they moved across the open, rolling, flooded fields through the oppressive, unrelieved gray daylight.

'King Arthur's been dead over a year's time,' the monk was just saying as the cart labored through a grove of bedraggled, autumnal apple trees.

'As long as that?' Broaditch reflected. 'And I just heard the news a fortnight since.'

'Over a year's time, brother,' the other confirmed. 'And you say you seek the famous knight Parsival of the Grail? But what can your business be with such a one?'

Broaditch cracked his big knuckles. His massive body swayed only slightly as the team struggled unevenly on.

'I oftimes wish I were more certain myself,' he said meditatively. 'But I think it's the Grail, brother.'

'You seek it? Ah, you and the devil, too.'

'I left my wife, three children, and a fair farm.'

'Well,' the monk reflected, just his knotted, wet beard showing, 'we say that's a start.'

Broaditch folded his powerful arms inside his worn, stained cloak.

'I cannot say,' he commented, 'but I know the world wearies me.' He shook his head. 'I might be like yourself at that, save God has not spoken. Aye. He's been notably silent in my case. Yet the world is weary and stale. So have I thought more and more as my years mount and ride me down.'

'God's voice is not as men's. You hear it and know it not. Yet you are led often to purpose by what seems chance and foolishness.' The monk was very matter-of-fact.

'I cannot say. But over the years I find I think more and more of the Grail and Lord Parsival, whom I knew as a boy. Aye, that's sooth. I served in his mother's domain, more years ago than bears thinking. Perhaps I but *want* to believe he found it and knew joy and light without end. No doubt I want to believe it.'" He sighed and now clasped his hands over his knees, then squeezed the soaked leather. 'And yet I love my wife and little ones.' He sighed, shook his head, and smiled wryly. 'If this be heavenly advice I've taken, brother, it truly does seem foolishness.'

'If it were clearer,' the monk said, whipping the reins up to stir the sluggish team, 'the end you seek might frighten you away.' Broaditch looked at him thoughtfully, but he said nothing. 'Recall, the devil sought it, too.'

'Did he?' Broaditch wasn't quite amused yet.

'The devil Clinschor—the black wizard cursed of God. He fought to possess the holy cup.'

'Is it a cup for certain?'

The monk shrugged. 'So some say.'

'What would the devil do with such a sacred thing?'

'Make it as evil as once it was holy. Use the power of light to shine darkness. So have I heard.'

'Well. Clinschor is dead twenty years or more.' Broaditch stared into the gray horizon.

'Have you seen his grave?' As there was no reply, the monk went on, head tilting into the rain. 'It is said the Grail draws everyone, though the many feel it not, being too mired in the world. The devil, it is said, knows it as a stinging, an irritation. It angers him continually.'

Broaditch made fists and drummed them on his knees.

'He must be dead,' he declared at length, 'or in his dotage.'

The holy man looked straight ahead.

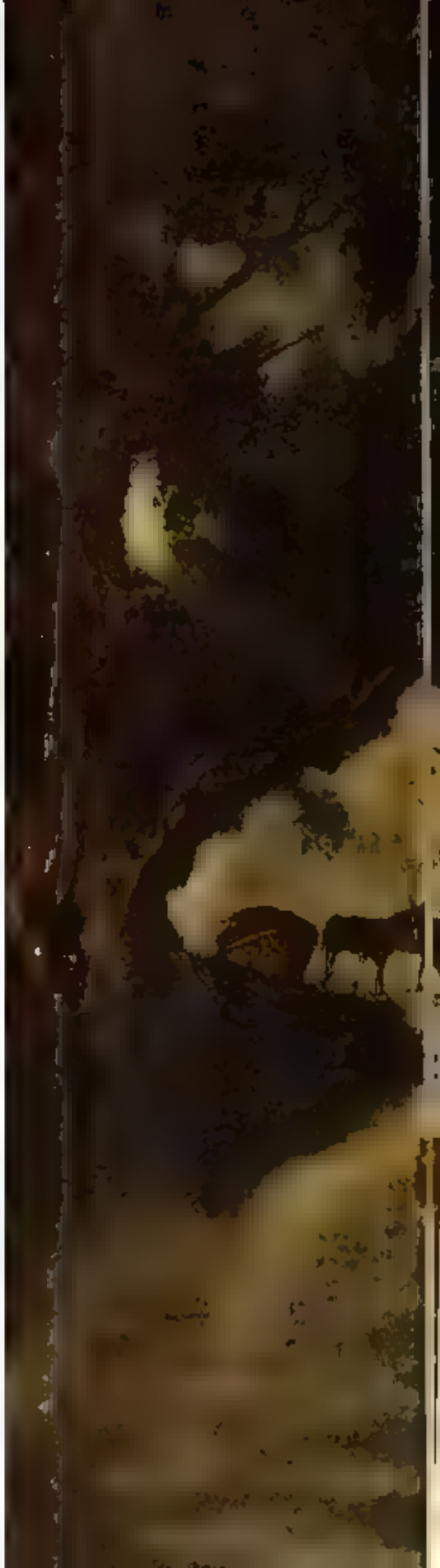


Illustration by Marcus Boon

In the beginning, Elvis visited Amraphel
And Amraphel, son of Nimrod, and king of Shinar, said
unto him one day
"Take my daughter, my only one, the one you love. I hereby
give her to you."
Elvis, who preferred the tattooed buns of the swamp girls,
hit the road.

The king KNEELED *before the people in mourning, and, accompanied by his faithful servant- the oldest in his service- he spoke thus:*

Die, Elvis, die! May the cities where you set foot suffer eternal ruin! May all trace of them be destroyed. For my daughter, the villain, who was promised to you, is mortally wounded.

mushroom soup

He replaced his faithful ministers (so say the sages) with a horde of pirates, sorcerers, and cyclops. The people complained, but he heard nothing.

Go, go, even into the ends of the earth!
Kill him by the sword!
Pour hot lead into his veins!
May the whales and swine swim and splash about in his regent's blood!!

It is to thee, eternal Lord,
That Elvis raises his eyes. Abandon not thy servant, nor his humble prayers despise.
Oh, God our help in ages past, please help the good guys win at last.
"Symphony for Elvis's Flight"
En ob bmaj. opus 7 by Seomour
Keith Seomour, chapel master to Antarctica
(Second mvt of the great symphony)

In that time, Euric fled far from the king, into the very orient.

The "Horse with Eyes of Lead"- the very one that Ahrimhak had brought into being- destroyed the plain, and the cities, and all the inhabitants, and the plants of the land.

Euric followed the river or echad toward the south. The kins of Nalab and the kins of Paluth took flight. Their peoples wandered on the slopes of the roof of the world.

The "Beast with Eyes of Lead"—the very one that Amaphel had brought into being—pillaged all the wealth and all the provisions of the world. It carried off their goods and their mothers and their daughters

Make haste, Elvis, and also make yourself scarce in their path. Annaphel has formed an alliance with the forces of the river. Together they menace the rivers of Bane-Sheba.

Elvis cast his gaze toward Scheme, that kingdom by the sea, and there he saw awful sights, as if from a mighty furnace. He saw the sorrow, the cities destroyed, where death had taken up his residence!

The "Horse with the Eyes of Lead"—the way out that Annaphel has brought into being—moved on, and the people were filled with a terrible fear. At the turn of the way, Annaphel cried out:

Elvis prostrate before the entrance of a cave.
Enter, my son.
He entered.
Your presence Elvis, was revealed to me from the sound of the breath from your nostrils. May our friendship, long be married from now until eternity.

And even as Al Tariff (iron and mushroom) and his golden hallucination were making a mess of stew, Elvis expressed himself in these words

Al Tariff handed him a LEGAL, and the fugitive did eat.
Then he handed him a pipe, and the fugitive did smoke.

"Never before was such a thing seen in science: for when the mushroom soup was digested, behold, there was a miracle".
(The Metamorphosis of Elvis. Book of the Gods. Chapter 5, verse 4)

The "Horde with the Eyes of Lead"- the very one that Amerikkk has brought into being-entered the cave. Elvis whispered:

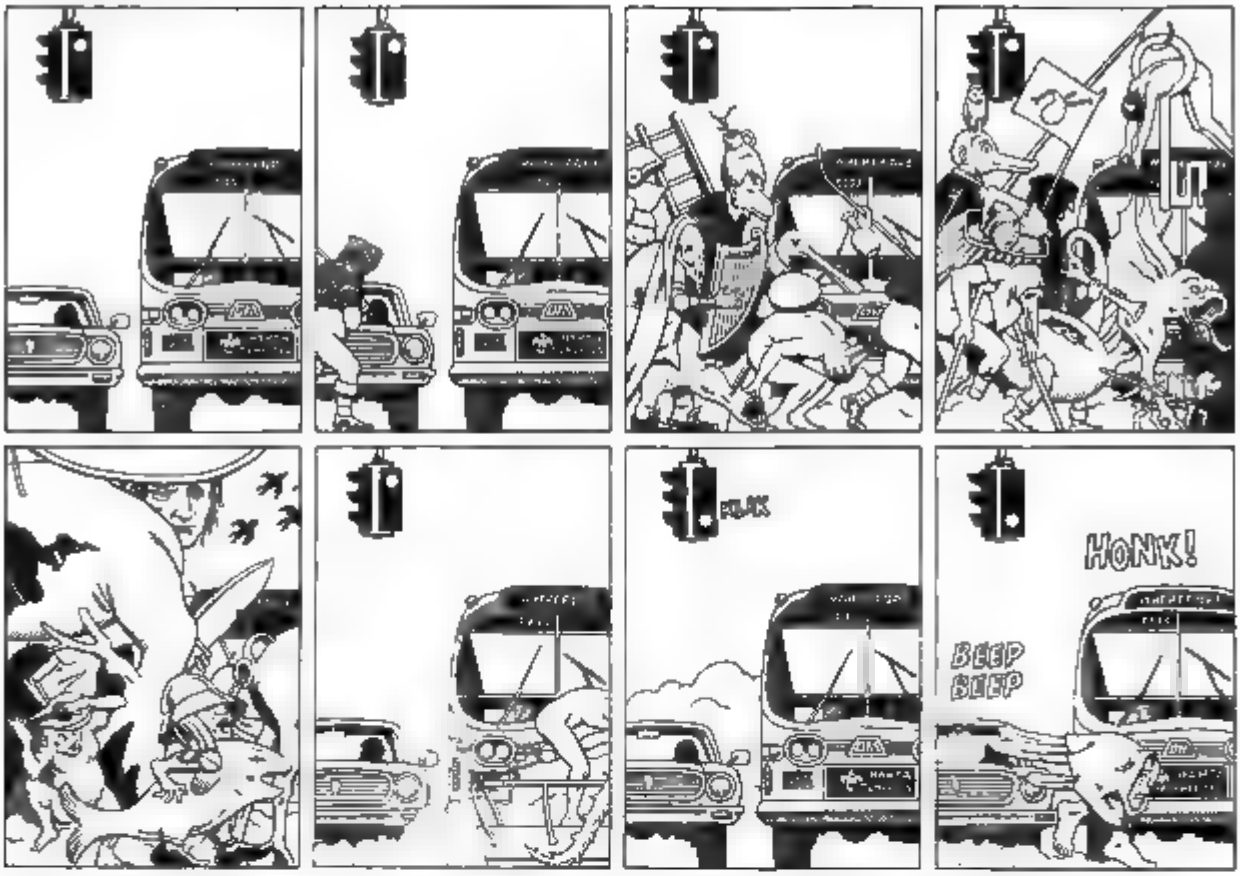
And while Ambrosius, and the hordes (the very ones that Ambrosius had brought into being) returned every-which-way, the animals of the flesh, humans as well as cattle, the birds of the heavens, as well as the fish of the sea, broke into song.

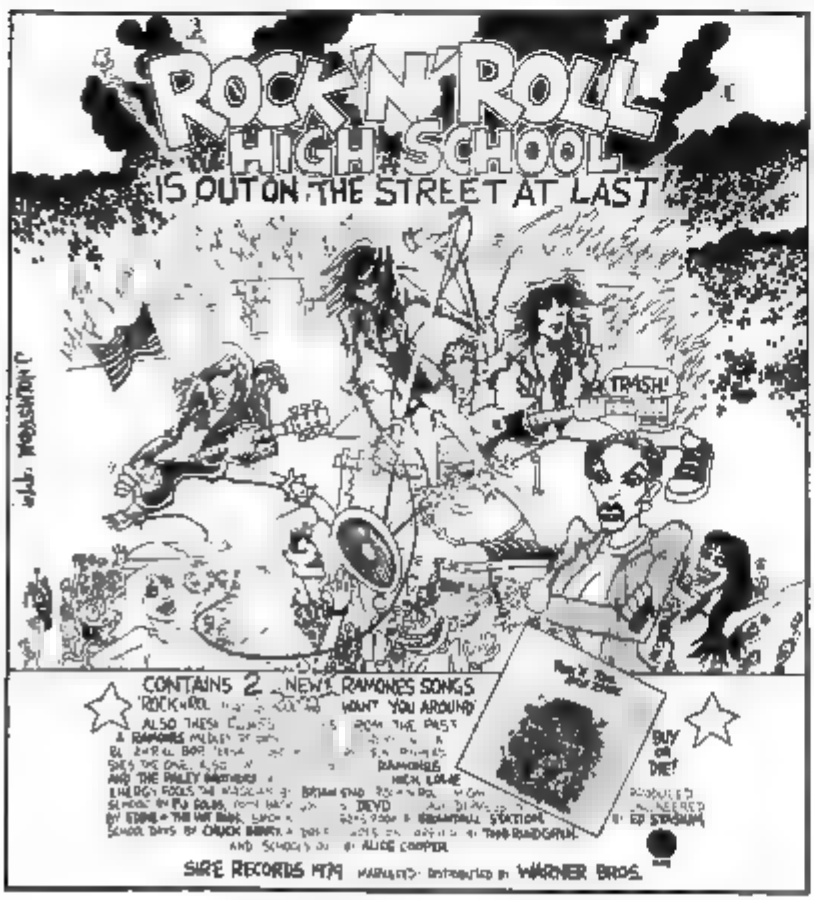
Elvis kissed the earth goodbye and the very sap of the trees and the harvest itself. A dove took flight, coming and going, and behold, an olive branch was in its beak.

The End

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©




ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL
IS OUT ON THE STREET AT LAST
TRASH!
CONTAINS 2 NEW RAMONES SONGS
'ROCKAWAY BEACH'
WANT YOU AROUND
ALSO THESE CLASSICS FROM THE PAST
A RAMONES MEDLEY OF
BY CHUCK BERRY
SCHOOL DAYS BY CHUCK BERRY
AND SCHOOL'S OUT BY ALICE COOPER
BUY OR DIE!
SIRE RECORDS M79 MARKETED DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

BEAUTIFUL VINYL BINDERS. white with black lettering and art with metal separators to hold and protect your magazines. Each holds twelve issues of Heavy Metal. $5.50. Or buy one binder with the twelve 1978 issues $25.00!

HEAVY METAL
Dept HM979
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

enclose a total of $

Name
Address
City
State
Zip

A WORLD
BETWEEN

A WORLD BETWEEN

by Norman Spinrad

Riding the west wind on the edge of an onrushing thundersquall, Royce Lindblad sat bare-chested in the open cockpit of the *Davy Jones*, conning the sailboat by the tiller, the boomline and the seat of his pants. Lightning hissed and crackled in the black thunderheads behind him, but no rain fell on the choppy, azure surface of the Island Sea. High above the single mast, a flock of bright yellow boomerbirds rode the same wind on their great motionless wings, hooting their good-natured defiance of the elements in subsonic tones. As long as the boomerbirds remained aloft, there was no imminent danger of the squall being transformed into a tornado, and therefore no need to retract mast and sail and go to power.

Unplugged from the net and his responsibilities by choice, Pacifica's monster of media was in no particular hurry to rush home to Carlotta and affairs of domestic life and state. Although it was only two hours from Gotham to Lorien Island, even under sail time had a different meaning out here; you could expand or contract it at will. Flung across half a million square kilometers of shallow ocean, the thousands of isles that made up the Island Continent could be either the suburbs of Gotham or a vast outback of sea and sky and untouched beaches, depending upon your chosen speed.

Twelve million people, nearly a third of the planetary population, lived out here, none of them more than an hour and a half from the center of Gotham under powered flight. From a commuter's point of view, the towns on many of the larger islands and the private villas that hugged smaller bits of land were all a quick jump from each other and from the Pacifican capital. When the island of your nearest neighbor was only minutes away, you forgot that those minutes could be forty kilometers of open sea. When you could jump from Gotham to the furthest island in the archipelago in under two hours, you forgot that the twelve million Islanders and all their works were but a thin dusting of humanity sprinkled over a virgin immensity of sea and wooded isapds on a planet fifty light-years from the sun that gave their kind birth.

But down here on the surface of the sea, the Island Continent became a vast world, more empty than inhabited, more Pacifican than human, and you were a lone sailor on an alien sea, the clock of your mind keeping the oceanic time of wave and wind.

Horvath Island loomed fuzzily on the far horizon, and Royce thought he could make out the blue fusion flame of a liner coming north from Thule and arcing in for a landing at Lombard. As if to distract his attention from this reminder of the world of men, a big marinedyle breached the surface not a hundred meters from his boat in a sudden explosion of foam. The huge reptile raised its spindly forelimbs into the air and the translucent membranes of its twin sails unfurled and caught the wind with an audible snap, greeted by the hooting derision of the boomerbirds. Cupping the wind with its sails of skin with a precision and delicacy that Royce could not hope to match, the creature paced the boat for several minutes, and was pulling away when it finally sounded with a nose-thumbing flip of its great tail flukes.

Royce adjusted his course, steering well clear of the powered traffic around Horvath Island and the interport of Lombard. Beyond Horvath Island was a long sickle-shaped chain of small islets with only half a dozen estates scattered among them, and in the middle of the chain, now about twenty-five kilometers away, was Lorien.

Royce had homesteaded Lorien long before he met Carlotta Madigan. Carlotta had changed the vector of his life in most ways, drawing him into orbit around her rising star. Carlotta might have been on her way to her first term as chairman even then, but if she wanted to share her bed with Royce Lindblad on a long-term basis that bed was going to be on Lorien, not in that tower apartment smack in the middle of Gotham, where they had first met. They still kept the city apartment for convenience' sake, but Lorien was home—they had designed the house together, and Royce had insisted that the deed to the place be a joint contract. He was traditional enough to believe that a man must choose the home even if his lady was destined to head the government. *Especially* if she was a power in the world—a bucko had to be king of the castle when the lights went out, didn't he?

Truth be told, the Island Continent was Royce's first love, something that perhaps only another child of Mainlanders could fully understand. His parents were wheat farmers in the rich lower Big Blue River valley, but even as a small boy, romances of the Island Continent had been his favorite entertainment channel fare. By the time he came into his citizen's stock at seventeen, he had sailed these seas thousands of times on the net and in his dreams, and he had long since known that on his seventeenth birthday he would put the mainland of Columbia behind him.

His father—a big, graceful man whose thoughts ran slow but deep—had understood this for a long time. That last afternoon, they had sat together on the mossy bluffs overlooking the Big Blue. Behind them, the yellow carpet of ripening wheat rippled contrasting textures in the breeze, the ruffled velvet. Below them, the river poured between banks rich with kelly green Pacifican lawn moss. Spider webs of white cloud wisped across the sky. The air was golden with the perpetual warmth of the eternal Columbian summer. Hydrotrains laden with grain and vegetables from further upriver jetted down the river southeast toward Gotham, scoring the turquoise water with the white wakes of commerce. It was peaceful, it was beautiful, it was home, but—

"Don't be down, bucko," his father said. "You're only hating it because you feel you should be. For your mother and me, or so you think."

"You don't feel I'm letting you down, Dad?"

His father shook his head and smiled. "This is my piece of the planet," he said. "This is what sings its song to me. You hear a tune from somewhere else, you've got to dance to it. It's a rodeo planet, Royce. What sort of bucko would you be if you stuck yourself in one corner of it just because you happened to be born there? Look at me, my father was an engineer in Thule, and here I am. Now, if you were telling me you intended to go eat ice ball your life, *then* I'd tell you you were whackers!"

They laughed in unison—men together.

"You don't think I'm whackers for calling a place I've never been 'home'?" Royce asked.

"Ah, we're all whackers that way, now aren't we?" his father said. "We all get itchy for somewhere else until we land someplace that scratches us right. And those islands, ah yeah, those islands, nothing like the Island Continent on any world I've ever heard of. You ever wonder why the Founders left 'em alone and put their roots down here in Columbia?"

"Now that you mention it—"

Royce thought he knew his history as well as the average Pacifican. The Founders had colonized Pacifica directly from Earth some three centuries ago, and for the first couple of generations humans had stuck pretty much to their farms on the rich plains of eastern Columbia. But come to think of it, how *could* those people have stood on the shore, looking west across these flat plains, and east across the vast and mysterious sweep of the Island Continent, and still have chosen to ignore the beauty and complexity of the great archipelago for the fertile sameness of the continental veldt?

"Well, I'll tell you what I think, bucko," his father said. "The Founders were people with a dream, and that was it." He spread his big arms wide. "Back where they came from, land like this was only a memory and a promise. So when they saw these plains, they knew they were home. But they were no simple folk, our ancestors. They were smart enough to invent electronic democracy and the net and all the rest of it. And they knew about dreams. They knew that people don't dream about where they grow up even if their parents

did. Maybe especially if their parents did.

He hunkered forward and wrapped his arms around his knees, staring across the Big Blue at the far bank. "So what I think Royce is that they saw those islands, and they knew that their children, and their children's children, wouldn't dream of being farmers out here on the plains. So they left the Island Continent for someone else to dream about when their time came."

He stood up and put his arm around Royce's shoulder. "So I don't want you to dream my dream, bucko," he said. "It's right that you dream your own. That's what Pacifica's all about. That's why I'm going to be proud tomorrow when you leave for your islands. Hang loose, bucko, and listen to your own song."

Though no man could dance entirely to his own music around a woman like Carlotta Madigan, Royce had never forgotten that going away present from his father. Though his father might have been an unsophisticated Mainlander in the eyes of Gothamites, he had still managed to teach Royce what it was to be a real bucko, a male human, subspecies Pacifican.

And out here on the open waters, holding the power of the wind through the boomline, the inertia of the sea through the tiller, and experiencing himself as the controlling interface between them, Royce always felt time, history, and karma slip away, paring him down to his essential maleness, reconnecting him to that young bucko saying his good-bye on the bank of the Big Blue.

For being a bucko was much like being a lone sailor on this protean sea. You could choose your wind, set your tiller against the resistance of your own karma, and by playing the two against each other, use both to propel you along the course set by your own will.

It was this bucko secret that Carlotta could never quite grasp. That was why they moved under power when they traveled between Gotham and Lorien together, and it was also why, despite her intelligence, her experience, her statecraft, and yes, her wisdom, it was he who conned their political boat through the quicksilver winds and currents of Pacifican electronic democracy. He had tried to teach her how to sail, but the trouble was that she had no feel for the art of tacking.

Now Horvath Island drifted by, far off to port. Clear of this human settlement, Royce changed course again, pointing his bow along a straight vector toward Lorien, the wind directly astern now, blowing him across the surface of the sea at maximum sailing speed, like the dolphins that leapt clear of the wave crests and bounced along on their flat bellies.

Just as well that Carlotta isn't into this, Royce thought. A man shouldn't share everything with his lady; he's got to have a quiet place to hear his own song. Without that, there'd be nothing within him to give in the softness of the night. And that's what makes the world go round, bucko.

Carlotta plugged into the electronic universe of the Pacifican media network. The immediate ground-level world outside faded almost at once from the surface of her mind as her sensorium went multiplex and electronic. Through cameras, microphones, and screens, her sight and hearing became not only planetwide but multiplex and compounded like the vision of an insect.

Suddenly, the strobing of the screens and the alien sirens ceased. The agitated face of a youngish woman appeared on the private govchannel screen.

"Well?" Carlotta snapped. "Who the f-- are you? What's going on?"

"Laura Sunshine, Ministry of Media, Web Monitoring Bureau," the young woman said in a tightly-controlled voice. "We're getting a tachyon transmission from inside the solar system."

"What?" Carlotta grunted, her mind suddenly racing along in high gear. It made no sense. Modulated beams of faster-than-light tachyons were used strictly for interstellar communication; they were the medium of the Galactic Media Web. Tachyon transmission was much too expensive to use for shorter range communication besides. Pacifica was the only habitable planet in this solar system.

Therefore it had to be a starship from outside, and that was truly an historic event. The instantaneous tachyon transmissions of the Web held the human worlds together, but physical travel was restricted to sublight speeds, and the nearest inhabited solar system was a decade and a half away.

Furthermore, why would a starship wait until it was inside the Pacifican solar system to announce its impending arrival? Most starships carried would-be immigrants, and the standard procedure was to announce intentions from the home planet before the ship left, so that a welcome could be bought with rare items of interstellar trade — earthside life-form embryos and seeds, unique biologicals, secret technologies—coveted by the world at journey's end. These things were negotiated beforehand, unless— oh no!

"Is this transmission in clear or in code?" Carlotta asked brusquely.

"In the clear," Laura Sunshine said. "And you're not going to like it."

"*No shit*," Carlotta muttered sardonically to herself. Then, aloud: "Plug me in, and for god's sake, scramble this circuit."

The govscreen went blank for a few moments and then a new face appeared on it: an older man with long, satin, steel-colored hair, an angular face with hard brown eyes, and a great beak of a nose. He was wearing an all-too-familiar midnight blue tunic with a high, stiff collar edged in silver.

"I am Dr. Roger Falkenstein of the Transcendental Science Arkology *Heisenberg*," the man said in a cool, measured voice. "We are entering your solar system and will make orbit around Pacifica in twenty days. Our mission is peaceful and will greatly benefit your people. We intend to establish an Institute of Transcendental Science on Pacifica. As managing director of the *Heisenberg*, I request permission to land on your planet and open negotiations with your government."

The screen went blank for a moment and then Falkenstein reappeared. "I am Dr. Roger Falkenstein of the Transcendental Science Arkology *Heisenberg*." The damned thing was a continuous tape-loop.

Angrily, Carlotta unplugged it and plugged in Laura Sunshine. "That's the whole thing?" she asked.

"That's it. They're transmitting it continuously," Laura Sunshine said. She grimaced nervously. "The Pink and Blue War?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" Carlotta said grimly. "Hold this circuit and plug into planetary observation. I'll see if we can get a visual."

She plugged in the planetary observation system, got a dark-haired young man on the obscreen. "This is the chairman," she said. "Scramble this circuit. Scramble another circuit to Laura Sunshine, Ministry of Media, Web Monitoring Bureau."

"Huh?" The young man gaped at her quizzically.

"Just do it," Carlotta snapped. "And remember, this is priority security, not a blast to anyone."

On Tau Ceti, a colony of double-domed geniuses had founded the first Institute of Transcendental Science that began to spew forth a bottomless cornucopia of scientific wonders, or so they claimed, and then began to spread through the human worlds via perambulating artificial worldlets they called Arkologies, establishing new institutes wherever they went, promulgating their scientific vision of a hyperevolved *Homo galactica*.

The Femocrats considered the Transcendental Scientists fascist chauvinist fausts, and the Transcendental Scientists considered the Femocrats misguided primitives several light-years beneath their intellectual contempt. Thus the Pink and Blue War, an ideological conflict too silly to be taken seriously by sophisticated Pacificans, enlightened citizens of the media capital of the human galaxy.

Royce gazed out his window. The sun was beginning to set into the deepening blue of the sea. The western sky was a sheet of purpling orange flame, but toward the east, the heavens were already darkening, and the first bright stars of night were winking into existence as a flock of birds passed like shadows across the truncated disk of the setting sun. It was hard to imagine that up there in the galactic night strident voices were screaming godzilla-brained propaganda at each other, ideologues were subverting long-established cultures, a war of sorts was going on, and out there beyond his unaided vision, the Arkology *Heisenberg* was speeding toward Pacifica, bringing the whole unwanted mess to the planet that he loved, a harmonious world at peace with itself. ○

ELRIC

THIS IS THE TALE OF ELRIC BEFORE HE WAS CALLED NOMANSLAYER, BEFORE THE FINAL COLLAPSE OF MELNIBONE. THIS IS THE TALE OF HIS RIVALRY WITH HIS COUSIN YYRKOON AND HIS LOVE FOR HIS COUSIN CYMORIL. BEFORE THAT RIVALRY AND THAT LOVE BROUGHT IMRRYR, THE DREAMING CITY, CRASHING IN FLAMES, RAPED BY THE REAVERS FROM THE YOUNG KINGDOMS

THIS IS THE TALE OF THE TWO BLACK SWORDS STORMBRINGER AND MOURNBLADE, AND HOW THEY WERE DISCOVERED AND WHAT PART THEY PLAYED IN THE DESTINY OF ELRIC OF MELNIBONE. A DESTINY THAT WAS TO SHAPE A LARGER DESTINY, THAT OF THE WORLD ITSELF. MUCH OF THIS TALE ELRIC HIMSELF WAS TO REMEMBER ONLY IN HIS NIGHTMARES

COPYRIGHT © 1979 Frank Brunner. A STAR REACH PRODUCTION

ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT STORY ELRIC OF MELNIBONE. COPYRIGHT © 1979 MICHAEL MOORCOCK. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MR MOORCOCK AND MR BRUNNER HAVE DONATED A PORTION OF THEIR ROYALTIES FOR THIS GRAPHIC STORY ADAPTATION TO THE GREENPEACE FOUNDATION

ELRIC WAS THE ONLY SON OF THE GREAT SADRIC. WHOSE WIFE HAD DIED GIVING ELRIC BIRTH. SADRIC HAD LOVED HIS EMPRESS AND HAD BEEN UNABLE TO FIND PLEASURE IN ANY OTHER COMPANY, EVEN THAT OF THE SON, WHO WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF HER.

[illegible] HAD LIVED [illegible] THANKS TO SORCERY ALONE.

[illegible] WEEN IN THAT, PERFORCE, HE HAD READ BEFORE HE WAS FIFTEEN. HE HAD READ [illegible] TION. THE JSES [illegible] ESTION HIS MOTIVES, EVEN TO QUESTION WHETHER HIS OWN POWER SHOULD BE USED AT ALL.

[illegible]

YYRKOON SEIZED THE MOMENT TO ACT ON HIS [illegible] HEN TWO SPIES WERE CAPTURED AND [illegible] TURE, THEY TOLD OF A PIRATE FLEET [illegible] WOULD OFFER HIM TO FURTHER HIS IMPERIAL AMBITIONS.

[illegible] ROTTO OF MAZES [illegible] BEHIND HIM GRINNING AS [illegible]

NORMALLY, THE FLYING DRAGONS OF MELNIBONE WOULD HAVE PURSUED THEM, SPITTING OUT THEIR UNQUENCHABLE FLAMES, BUT THEY HAD NOT HAD ENOUGH REST SINCE THEIR LAST BATTLE AND THUS THEY SLUMBERED [illegible]

T WAS BLOOD LUSTING YYRKOON WHO INSISTED ON NOT LETTING A SINGLE BARBARIAN [illegible]

ELRIC, PHYSICALLY WEAKENED AND MENTALLY BORED OF THIS UNEQUAL MATCH, FELT FORCED TO PROVE HIMSELF IF ONLY TO YYRKOON AND TO [illegible] ENGAGEMENT WITH THE DESPERATE PIRATES THAT YYRKOON DISCOVERED E [illegible] SE [illegible] STATE, HIS DRUGS AND POTIONS EXHAUSTED, HIS SWORD BLOODED TO THE HILT.

YYRKOON GRINNED AT HIS COUSIN'S HELPLESSNESS AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY SHOVED ELRIC OVER THE SIDE. ELRIC SANK RAPIDLY FOR HE HAD NOT THE STRENGTH TO SWIM AND THE WEIGHT OF HIS ARMOR DENIED ANY HOPE OF FLOATING.

[illegible] THE SPELL CAME UNBIDDEN INTO HIS DYING BRAIN.

IT SEEMED A LONG WHILE LATER HE OPENED HIS EYES AND BEHELD THE FISHLIKE PERSONAGE OF STRAASHA, AND THE LORD OF THE SEA SPOKE. *YOU CALLED TO ME. OUR DESTINIES ARE BOUND TOGETHER. HOW MAY I AID THEE.*

ELRIC COULD NOT BELIEVE [illegible] HEARD. CERTAINLY IT WAS A D[illegible]

FINALLY ELRIC SPOKE. *"I DID [illegible] I AM HAPPY TO DROWN!"*

"THAT CANNOT BE. IF YOUR M[illegible] US, IT MEANS YOU WISH TO LIVE.

ELRIC THOUGHT AGAIN. *TH[illegible] THEN, IF YOU ARE REAL, [illegible]*

[illegible] *D THEIR GIFTS MUST ALWAYS BE PAID FOR.*

[illegible] HEARD THE SEA KING SPEAK BEFORE HE FOUND HIMSELF DEPOSITED ON THE SHORES OF MELNIBONE.

MEANWHILE, MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF HIS ARMY YYRKOON STRUTTED FOR THE TOWER OF D'ARPUTNA, THE TOWER OF EMPERORS. IN ECSTASY ALMOST BLINDLY DID THE PRETENDER ENTER THE TOWER AND MOUNT THE STEPS TO THE RUBY THRONE ITSELF. BUT BEFORE HE LOOKED AT THE THRONE, HE HEARD DYVIM TVAR GASP, AND HIS GAZE WENT SUDDENLY TO THE RUBY THRONE. HIS JAW SLACKENED AT WHAT HE SAW. FOR A CLOAKED FIGURE SAT UPON "HIS" THRONE! "'TIS MINE! MINE! THE THRONE BELONGS TO YYRKOON. YYRKOON IS EMPEROR NOW! WHO ARE YOU?"

THE CLOAK COWL FELL BACK AND A BONE-WHITE FACE SURROUNDED BY FLOWING, MILK-WHITE HAIR WAS REVEALED. CRIMSON EYES STARED COOLY AT THE SHRIEKING, STUMBLING YYRKOON.

"YOU ARE DEAD, ELRIC! I KNOW YOU ARE DEAD!"

A THIN SMILE APPEARED ON ELRIC'S WHITE LIPS AND HE SAID, "WHY DID YOU SLAY ME, COUSIN?"

"BECAUSE IT IS MY RIGHT TO RULE, BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT STRONG ENOUGH, NOR CRUEL, NOR HUMOROUS ENOUGH."

"IS THIS NOT A GOOD JOKE, COUSIN?"

YYRKOON CHOKED ON HIS WORDS, PUZZLED BY ELRIC'S SURVIVAL. "I THOUGHT YOU HAD VOWED NOT TO USE YOUR POWERS OF SORCERY?"

ELRIC ANSWERED, "BUT YOU THOUGHT THAT A VOW THAT WAS UNBEFITTING A MONARCH OF MELNIBONE, DID YOU NOT? WELL, NOW I AGREE WITH YOU. YOU SEE, YYRKOON, YOU HAVE WON A VICTORY AFTER ALL!"

YYRKOON STARED NARROWLY AT ELRIC, AS IF TRYING TO DIVINE A SECRET MEANING BEHIND ELRIC'S WORDS. "YOU WILL BRING BACK THE CHAOS LORDS?"

"NO, COUSIN. NO SORCERER, HOWEVER POWERFUL, CAN SUMMON THE LORDS OF CHAOS OR LAW IF THEY DO NOT WISH TO BE SUMMONED. THAT YOU YOURSELF KNOW. HAVE YOU NOT TRIED? AND ARIOCH DID NOT COME, DID HE? NEITHER DID HE BRING YOU THE GIFT YOU SOUGHT. THE TWO BLACK SWORDS?"

"YOU...KNOW THAT?"

"NO, I MERELY GUESSED. BUT NOW I KNOW!"

ONCE CYMORIL AND ELRIC WERE REUNITED UPON THE RUBY THRONE, ELRIC PRONOUNCED SENTENCE ON THE TRAITORS. THEY WOULD NOT DIE QUICKLY, AND YYRKOON WOULD FIRST CONSUME THE FLESH OF HIS COCONSPIRATORS. "AND LET IT BEGIN AT TONIGHT'S DINNER FEAST!" YYRKOON TREMBLED AS HE WAS LED AWAY, BUT CYMORIL AND DYVIM TVAR EXPRESSED FEARS THAT EVEN AN HOUR OR TWO WAS TIME ENOUGH FOR YYRKOON TO COUNTERPLOT. "SEND SOLDIERS AND KILL HIM NOW!"

BUT ELRIC WAS WEARY. "I MUST TRY TO REST BEFORE THE EVENING FESTIVITIES." CYMORIL COULD SEE THE TORMENT IN HIS EYES AND WENT BACK TO HER TOWER TO PREPARE HERSELF.

ELRIC DID NOT REST, BUT PACED HIS BEDROOM CHAMBER UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO APPEAR AT THE FEAST. HE SENT FOR CYMORIL, DYVIM TVAR, AND THE PRISONERS, BUT THEY DID NOT APPEAR. UNTIL SUDDENLY, DYVIM CAME, CRAWLING, GASPING AND BLOODY. HIS FACE WAS FULL OF HORROR. "IT IS YYRKOON'S SORCERY! HE CONJURED THE GROANING MIST TO AID HIM IN HIS ESCAPE. I TRIED TO FOLLOW, BUT THE MIST ENGULFED ME. I LOST MY SENSES!"

"CYMORIL? WHERE IS SHE?"

"HE TOOK HER, ELRIC. SHE IS WITH HIM, AS ARE A HUNDRED WARRIORS WHO REMAINED SECRETLY LOYAL TO HIM."

"THEN WE MUST PURSUE THEM! AWAKEN THE DRAGONS!"

"YOU CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THE MIST, MY LORD. AH! IT APPROACHES EVEN NOW!"

ELRIC TRIED TO DISPERSE THE MIST WITH HIS ARMS, BUT ITS MELANCHOLY GROANING FILLED HIS EARS, ITS HIDEOUS COLORS BLINDED HIS EYES. HE BEGAN TO HEAR VOICES. "ELRIC IS WEAK. ELRIC IS FOOLISH. ELRIC MUST DIE!"

"CYMORIL," HE CRIED. "CYMORIL!" AND HE SAW THE FACE OF CYMORIL, WHO LEERED AT HIM AND MOCKED HIM. HER FACE HAD AGED – THE FLESH FALLEN AWAY UNTIL ONLY A SKULL REMAINED. AGAIN HE HAD IGNORED CYMORIL'S ADVICE CONCERNING HER BROTHER, AND AGAIN SHE WAS IN DANGER. HIS FINAL THOUGHT WAS A SIMPLE ONE.

"I AM NOT FIT TO LIVE." AND THEN HE COLLAPSED.

WHEN ELRIC FINALLY RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE [illegible] HE ORDERED EVERY MAN AVAILABLE TO SEARCH FOR YYRKOON. EVEN THE DRAGONS MUST BE STIRRED FROM THEIR SLUMBER, AND EQUIP THE GOLDEN BARGES. THEY MUST FIND CYMOREL." MONTHS PASSED BUT YYRKOON'S MAGIC OF CONCEALMENT WAS TOO STRONG FOR THEM TO LOCATE EVEN A TRACE.

ELRIC CONSULTED WITH THE GRIMOIRES AND EXPERIMENTED WITH NEW DRUGS TO INCREASE HIS STRENGTH AND AT LAST, WHEN HE THOUGHT HIMSELF PREPARED, HE ORDERED ALL SERVANTS AWAY AND LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS QUARTERS. WHEN HE HAD MEDITATED FOR MORE THAN FIVE HOURS, ELRIC TOOK A BRUSH AND A JAR OF INK AND PAINTED THE FLOOR AND WALLS WITH COMPLICATED SYMBOLS.

THEN ELRIC SENT HIS MIND INTO TWISTING TUNNELS OF LOGIC, ACROSS ENDLESS PLANES OF IDEAS, THROUGH MOUNTAINS OF SYMBOLISM, AND ENDLESS UNIVERSES OF ALTERNATE TRUTHS. FURTHER AND FURTHER WORDS BEGAN TO SLIP OUT. ONE OF THEM WAS "ARIOCH!"

ARIOCH, THE PATRON DEMON OF ELRIC'S ANCESTORS, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL THE DUKES OF HELL. IT WAS ARIOCH WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE KEEPER OF THE TWO UNEARTHLY BLACK SWORDS.

"ARIOCH, I SUMMON THEE!" ELRIC BEGAN TO HOWL IN A RHYTHMIC, FRAGMENTED TONE. FINALLY EXHAUSTED, HE STOPPED. CERTAIN HE HAD FAILED, SUDDENLY A FLY ENTERED THE CHAMBER. IT BUZZED SEVERAL TIMES THE PAINTED RUNES FROM HIS HOARSE THROAT ELRIC WAS ABLE TO UTTER BUT ONE WORD. "ARIOCH?"

AND A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STOOD WHERE THE FLY HAD BEEN, WITH EYES THAT CONTAINED ANCIENT AND CONFIDENT EVIL.

ELRIC," HE SMILED. "YOU ALONE ARE FIT TO SERVE ARIOCH. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I WAS INVITED TO THIS PLANE, BUT NOW THAT I AM HERE I SHALL AID YOU. ELRIC, I SHALL BECOME YOUR PATRON. I SHALL PROTECT YOU AND GIVE YOU STRENGTH. THOUGH MASTER I BE, AND SLAVE YOU BE."

ELRIC SHUDDERED WITH TERROR AT THE IMPLICATIONS OF ARIOCH'S WORDS, BUT SAID, "HOW MAY I SERVE YOU, LORD OF CHAOS?"

FOR NOW, YOU WILL SERVE ME BY SERVING YOURSELF. I SHALL CALL UPON YOU AT OTHER TIMES. BUT YOU MUST SWEAR TO SERVE ME OR I CANNOT HELP YOU."

ELRIC HESITATED. THEN, "I SWEAR."

ARIOCH THEN REVEALED WHY YYRKOON SEEMED SO WELL HIDDEN. HE HAS THE MIRROR OF MEMORY, A MAGICAL DEVICE THAT TAKES THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO LOOK INTO IT. THUS ANYONE WHO VENTURES INTO THE CITY WHERE IT IS KEPT FORGETS THAT HE HAS SEEN PRINCE YYRKOON.

DIRECTED BY ARIOCH, ELRIC JOURNEYED TO YYRKOON'S COASTAL HIDEAWAY. THEN CIRCLED HIS ARMY INLAND, IN ORDER TO TAKE THE CITY BY SURPRISE. YYRKOON, HOWEVER, WAS NOT FOOLED AND DIRECTED THE MIRROR AT ELRIC'S ARMY AS IT APPROACHED.

ELRIC TOO HAD PREPARED FOR THIS. HIS ARMY WAS COMPOSED OF BLINDED VETERANS OF PAST CAMPAIGNS. IT WAS THESE SOLDIERS WHO WOULD LEAD THE ATTACK, USING THEIR OTHER SENSES TO STRIKE. WHILE ELRIC AND HIS COMMANDERS SHIELDED THEIR EYES.

YYRKOON'S MEN COULD NOT STOP THE ASSAULT AND TRIED TO RETREAT ONLY [illegible] OF THEIR OWN MEMORIES. CYMOREL WAS GIVEN A HOPE OF RESCUE BUT IT WAS NOT TO [illegible] ELRIC [illegible] ARRIVE. YYRKOON PLUNGED [illegible] INTO A MAGICAL SLEEP. THEN ORDERED THE MIRROR TO BE DESTROYED, AS HE MADE HIS ESCAPE TO ANOTHER PLANE.

THE EFFECTS OF THE SHATTERING MIRROR WERE DEAFENING. AS A MILLION MIRRORS WERE RELEASED A SOUND SO SHRILL THAT [illegible] NEARLY KILLED EVERYONE AROUND. ELRIC WAS ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS, BUT [illegible] BEEN THWARTED AGAIN. CYMOREL [illegible] NOT BE AROUSED FROM THE SPELL, AND ELRIC KNEW NOT WHERE YYRKOON HAD ESCAPED.

ELRIC INVOKED ARIOCH ONCE MORE AND ONCE MORE ARIOCH RESPONDED IT WAS THROUGH THE SHADE GATE THAT YYRKOON HAD GONE. *"I MUST FOLLOW HIM FOR ONLY HE CAN AWAKEN HER."*

AND ARIOCH REPLIED, *"FOLLOW YOU SHALL FOR YYRKOON HAS GONE TO FIND THE TWIN RUNE BLADES, AND WHOSOE'ER DOES THAT WILL BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL OF MORTALS. YOUR DESTINY BECKONS ELRIC. SO GO AND FIND IT!"*

ELRIC'S MIND BEGAN TO SWIRL AND EDDY. HE FELT NAUSEOUS. ALL AROUND HIM SEEMED TO BE THE VERY FABRIC OF CHAOS!
AND THEN, SOLID GROUND. . . BUT SUCH A LANDSCAPE, BARREN AND SCORCHED, A BATTLEFIELD OF THE GODS PERHAPS? IT WAS A LAND DRAINED OF ALL LIFE. ELRIC WALKED AWHILE, THEN THOUGHT HE HEARD A SOUND.
AM ELRIC OF MELNIBONE STRANGER HERE
"THAT WAS NOT MEANT TO HARM YOU BUT TO DISPLAY MY SKILL. IN CASE YOU CONSIDERED HARMING ME I HAVE HAD MY FILL OF DEMONS IN THIS WORLD AND YOU LOOK LIKE THE MOST DANGEROUS DEMON OF ALL.. WHITEFACE!"
A REPLY CAME IN THE FORM OF AN ARROW, WHISTLING PAST HIS HELM
"NO, I AM MORTAL"
"AND I AM RACKHIR THE RED ARCHER, WARRIOR-PRIEST OF PHUM, EXILED HERE FOR REFUSING TO SERVE THE LORDS OF CHAOS"

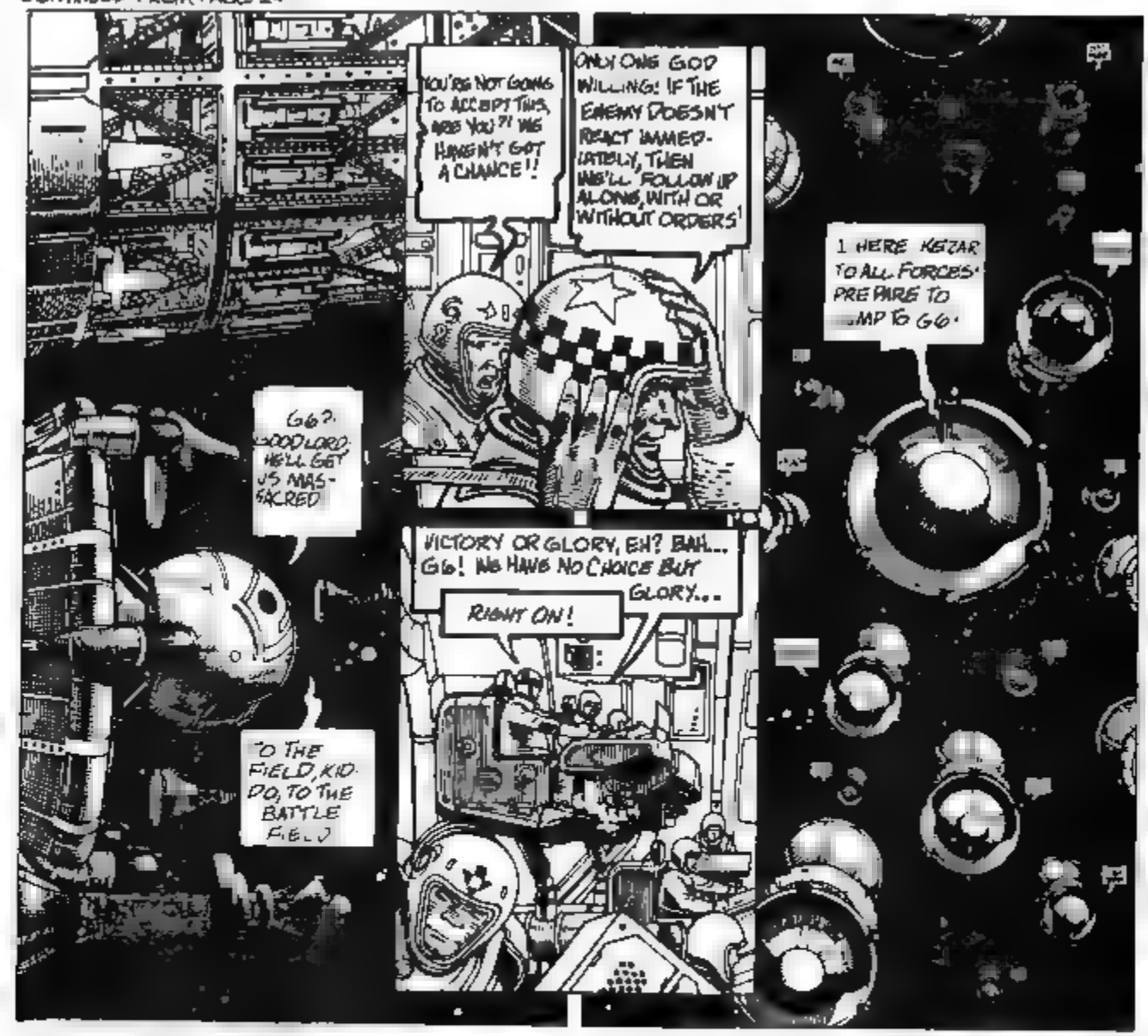
ELRIC EXPLAINED HIS OWN PREDICAMENT AND HIS DESPERATE QUEST TO LOCATE THE TWIN RUNE BLADES BEFORE HIS COUSIN DID SO. AS RACKHIR LISTENED HE FOUND IT HARD TO RESIST HIS
THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE ON THIS FORSAKEN WORLD THAT COULD BE THE HOUSING OF SUCH BLADES AS ELRIC SOUGHT.... AN ENORMOUS MONUMENT CONNECTED TO THE LAND BY ONLY A THIN, CROOKED
ONCE INSIDE THE BIZARRELY DESIGNED STRUCTURE, A CORRIDOR LED THEM DOWN DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH. IT WAS SLIMY TO THE TOUCH, AND THEY FELT AS IF THEY HAD BEEN SWALLOWED ALIVE. FOR THE CAVERN PULSED AND SEEMED TO BREATHE
ALL OF ELRIC'S ATTENTION WAS REQUIRED TO FORCE HIMSELF FORWARD. HE WAS CONSUMED BY TERROR. HIS WHOLE BODY SHOOK. HIS LEGS THREATENED TO BUCKLE UNDER HIM. BUT STILL HE STUMBLED ON.
AT THE TUNNEL'S END A BRIGHT LIGHT SHOWN THROUGH A SMALL OPENING THAT ALSO SEEMED ALIVE. RACKHIR DID NOT THINK IT LARGE ENOUGH FOR A MAN. BUT ELRIC KNEW HE MUST ENTER

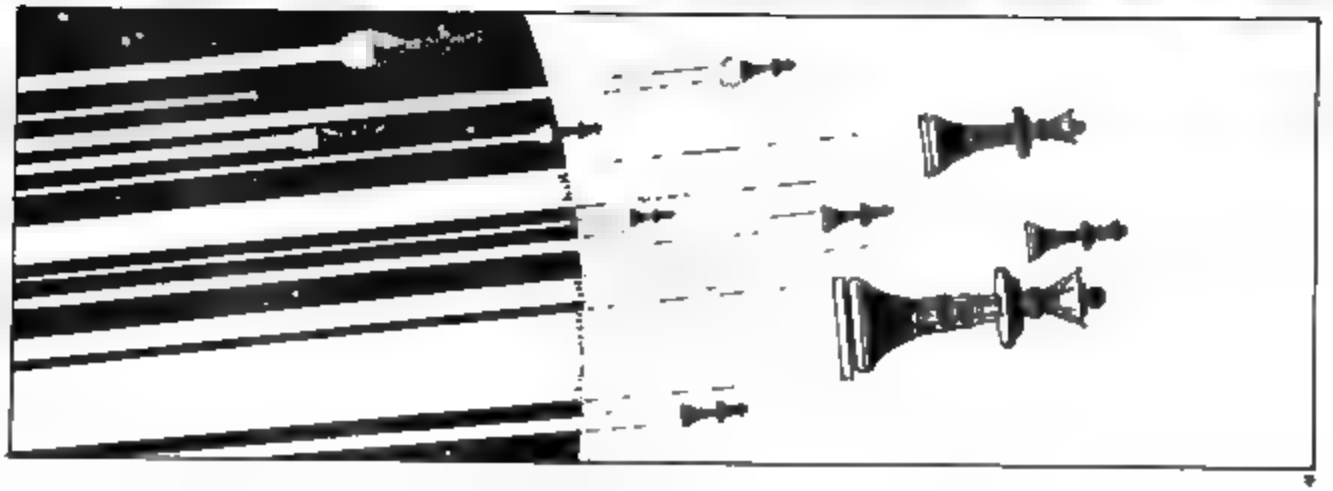
THE WALLS GAVE WAY AND NOW HE STOOD INSIDE THE PULSING CAVERN, AND IN THE CENTER OF THE CAVERN, HANGING IN THE AIR WITHOUT ANY SUPPORT, WERE TWO IDENTICAL SWORDS... HUGE AND FINE AND BLACK AND STANDING BENEATH THE SWORDS, GLOATING AND GREEDY, STOOD PRINCE VYRKOON.
"THE DEMON MUST DIE!"
"YOUR LIFE IS IN DANGER, RACKHIR. LEAVE THIS CHAMBER. GO!"
"NOW, VYRKOON, WE MUST SETTLE THIS, YOU AND I."
"MORTAL WEAPONS ARE USELESS HERE."
"RACKHIR, YOU SHOULD NOT BE HERE."
AND THEN THE RUNE BLADES WERE
STORMBRINGER, A
"THE SWORDS BEGAN TO MOAN SWEETLY AND POWER SURGED INTO THEIR WIELDERS

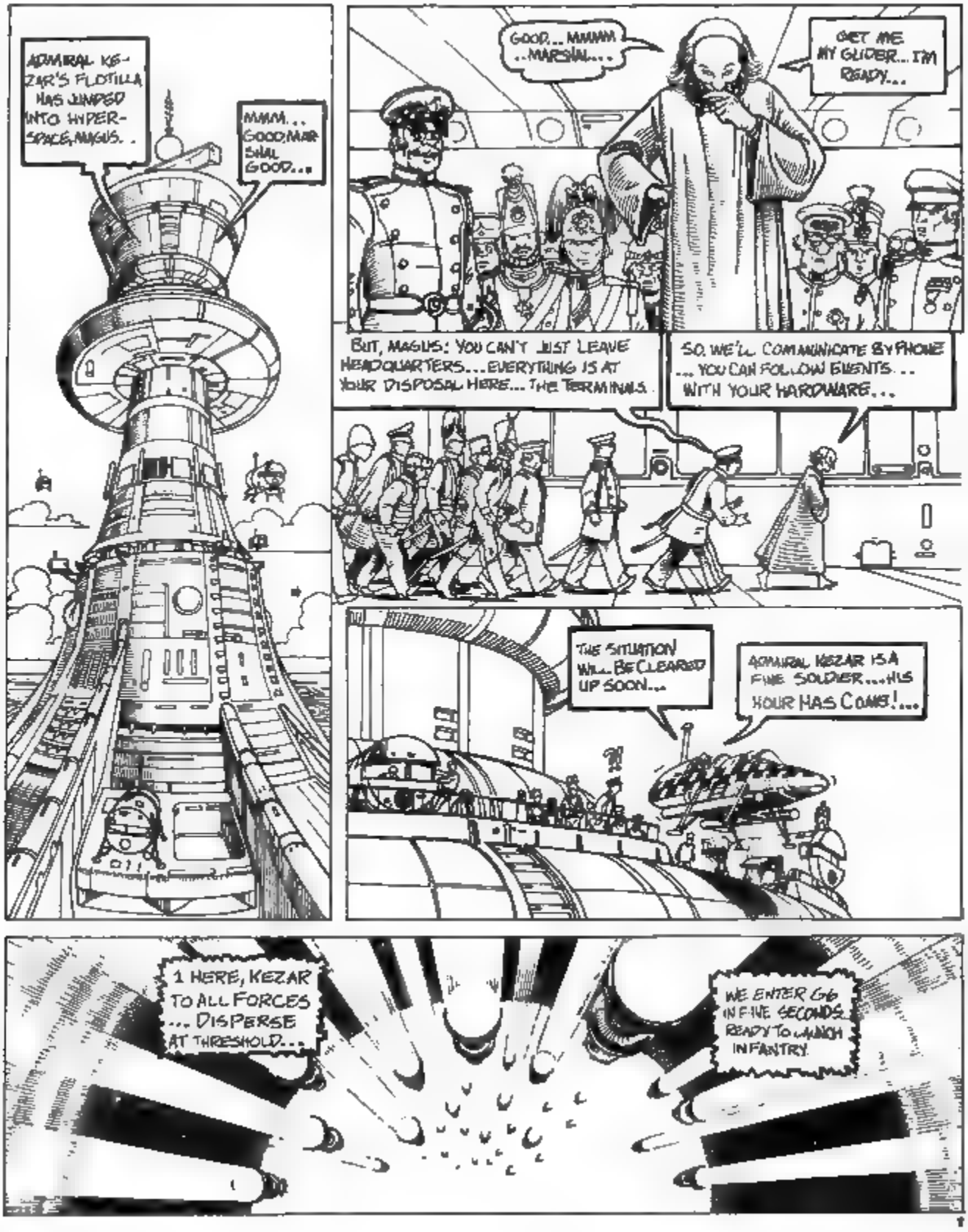
to be continued

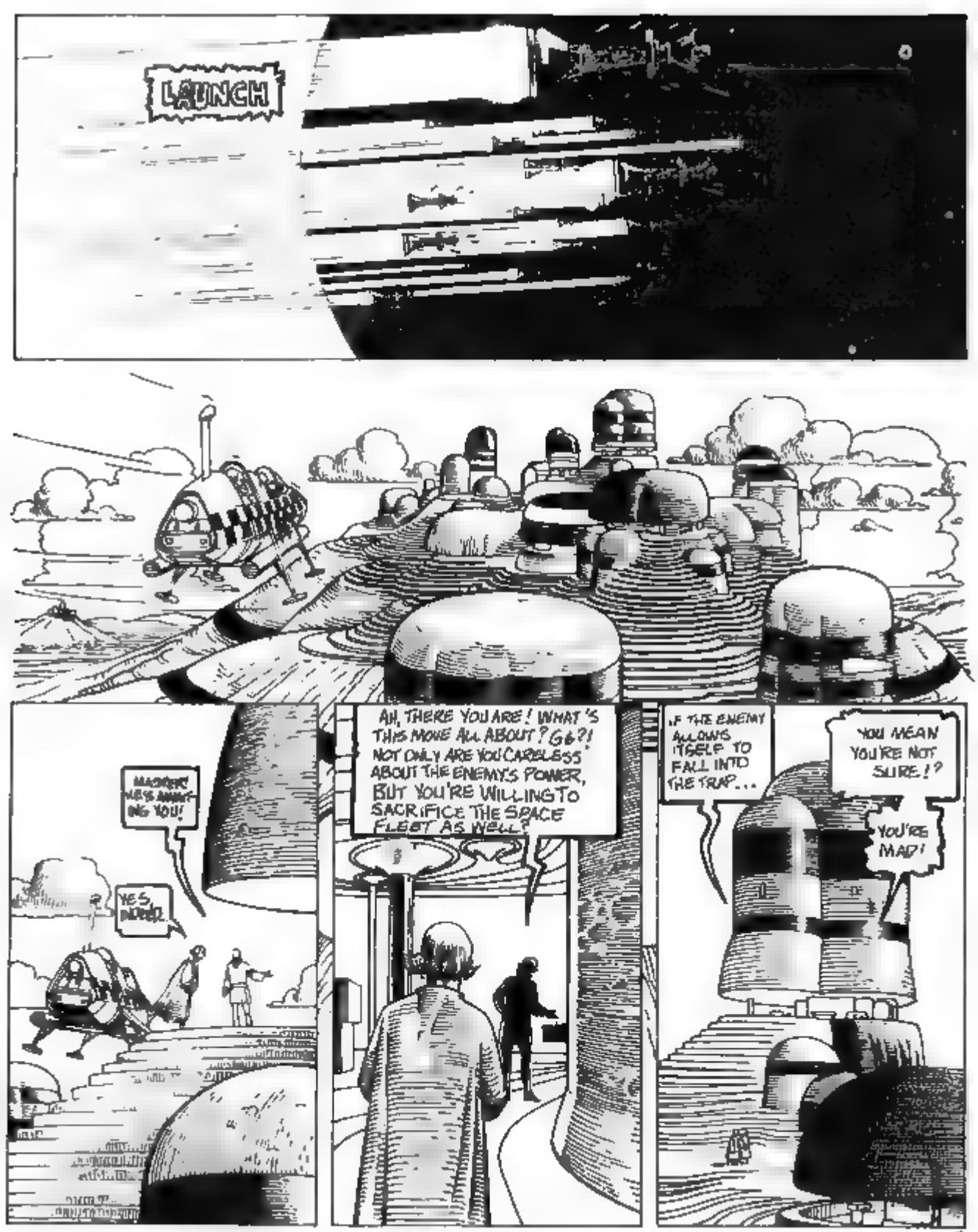
ONLY CONNECT - THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

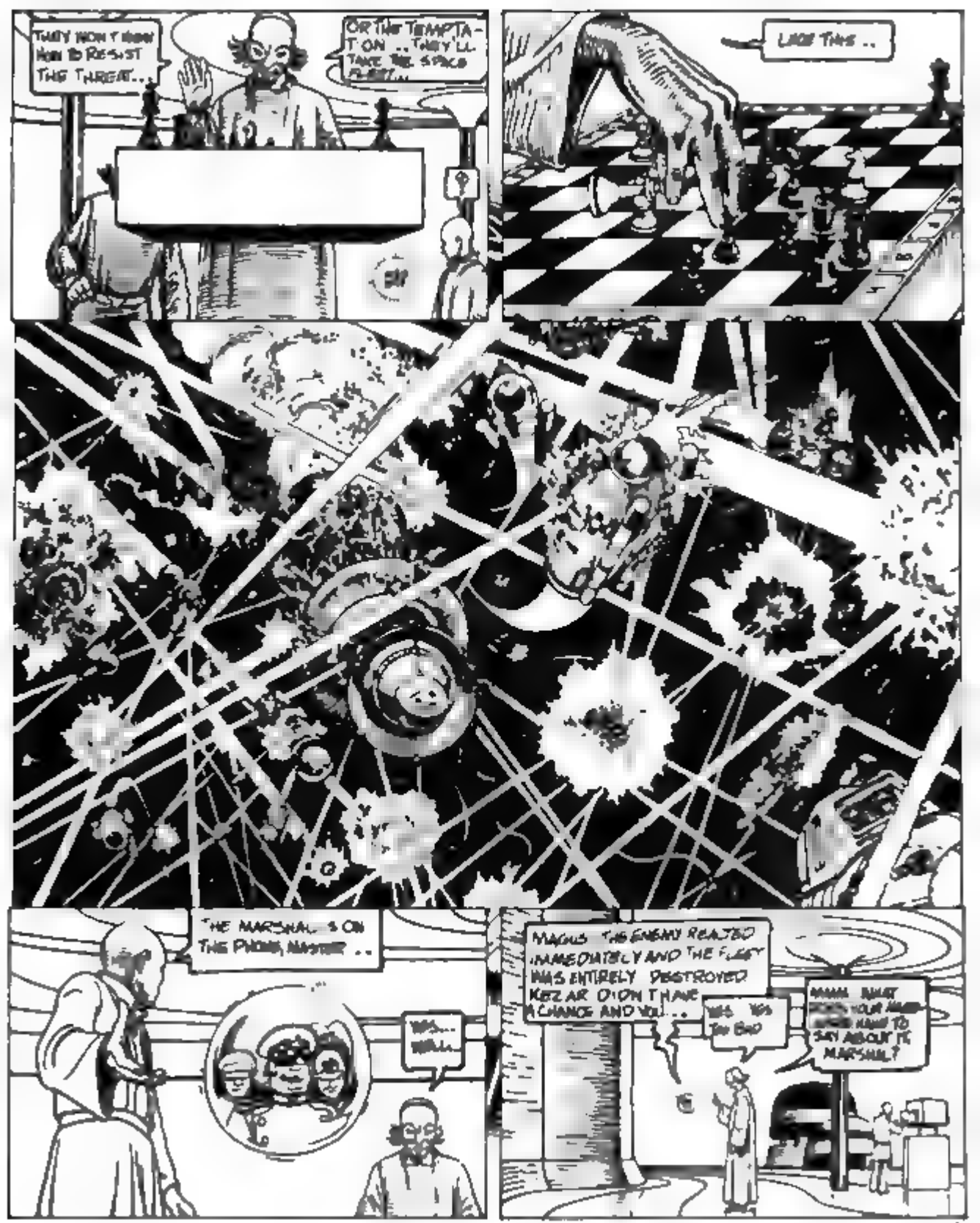
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24


YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ACCEPT THIS, ARE YOU?! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!!
ONLY ONE GOD WILLING! IF THE ENEMY DOESN'T REACT IMMEDIATELY, THEN WE'LL FOLLOW UP ALONG WITH OR WITHOUT ORDERS!
1 HERE KEZAR TO ALL FORCES. PREPARE TO JUMP TO G6.
G6?. GOOD LORD. WE'LL GET US MASSACRED
VICTORY OR GLORY, EH? BAH... G6! WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT GLORY...
RIGHT ON!
TO THE FIELD, KID. DO, TO THE BATTLE FIELD

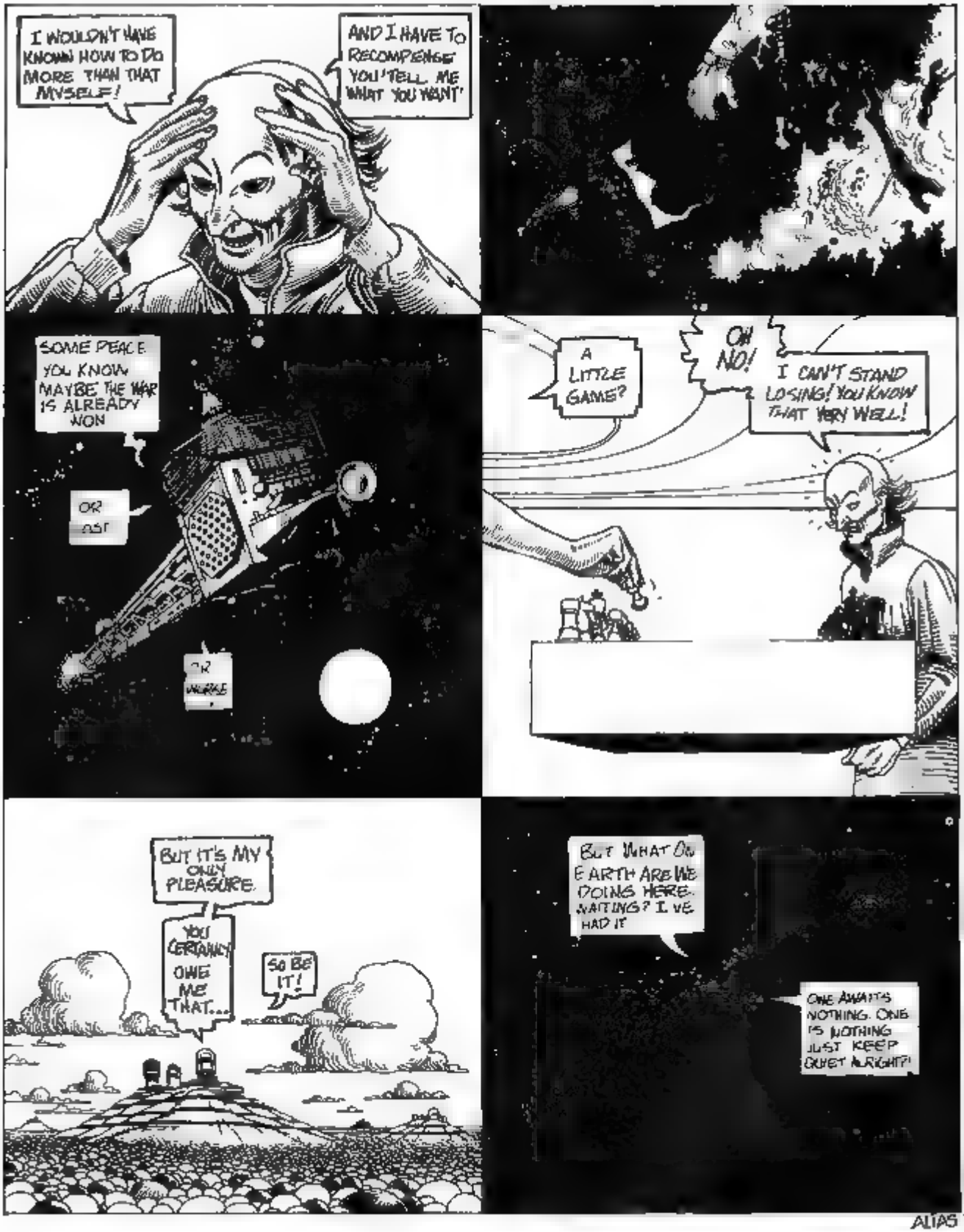



ADMIRAL KEZAR'S FLOTILLA HAS JUMPED INTO HYPER-SPACE, MAGUS...
MMM... GOOD, MARSHAL GOOD...
GOOD... MMMM ...MARSHAL...
GET ME MY GLIDER... I'M READY...
BUT, MAGUS: YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE HEADQUARTERS... EVERYTHING IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL HERE... THE TERMINALS...
SO, WE'LL COMMUNICATE BY PHONE ... YOU CAN FOLLOW EVENTS... WITH YOUR HARDWARE...
THE SITUATION WILL BE CLEARED UP SOON...
ADMIRAL KEZAR IS A FINE SOLDIER... HIS HOUR HAS COME!...
1 HERE, KEZAR TO ALL FORCES ... DISPERSE AT THRESHOLD...
WE ENTER G6 IN FIVE SECONDS. READY TO LAUNCH INFANTRY.


LAUNCH
MACHINE HE'S AIMING AT YOU!
YES, MASTER!
AH, THERE YOU ARE! WHAT'S THIS MOVE ALL ABOUT? G&?! NOT ONLY ARE YOU CARELESS ABOUT THE ENEMY'S POWER, BUT YOU'RE WILLING TO SACRIFICE THE SPACE FLEET AS WELL?
IF THE ENEMY ALLOWS ITSELF TO FALL INTO THE TRAP...
YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT SURE!?
YOU'RE MAD!


THEY WON'T KNOW HOW TO RESIST THE THREAT...
OR THE TEMPTATION .. THEY'LL TAKE THE SPACE FLEET...
LOOK THIS ..
THE MARSHAL'S ON THE PHONE, MASTER ..
MAGUS THE ENEMY REACTED IMMEDIATELY AND THE FLEET WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED KEZ AR O! ON THAT A CHANCE AND YOU ..
WAS YOU TOO BAD
WHAT DOES YOUR MASTER HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT, MARSHAL?

MMMM. THE ANALYSIS GIVES US CHECKMATE IN THREE MOVES... MMM. 1. CF1-G6 + Rh7, 2 CF8 + R1h8; 3. C6g6. MATE
VERY WELL, DO YOUR DUTY, MARSHAL ..
... YOUR DUTY..
WHAT, WE WON?!!!
OH, YES, MAGUS, WE WON AGAIN!
YOU HAD ME SCARED THERE! DARING TO TAKE SUCH RISKS.
BAH! TO WIN THE ANDROMEDA WOULD HAVE HAD TO SACRIFICE THEIR SPACE FLEET... BUT THEY ARE JUST CRUEL ROBOTS, TOO MUCH IN LOVE WITH THEIR OWN GAMES...
...THEY'RE JUST MECHANICAL CREATURES...
AND ALL YOUR MILITARY INSTRUCTORS ARE TOO MUCH LIKE THEM...
THEY DON'T APPRECIATE THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME!
I HAND THE INSIGNIA OF YOUR POWER OVER TO YOU, MAGUS
THEY'RE STILL ASTOUNDED...
I WIPED OUT YOUR ENEMIES...
...ELIMINATED YOUR RIVAL...
DESTROYED HIS ARMY
HUMILIATED YOUR GENERALS
MOCKED YOUR HARDWARE
HAVE I PROVEN MYSELF WORTHY OF YOUR MASK?

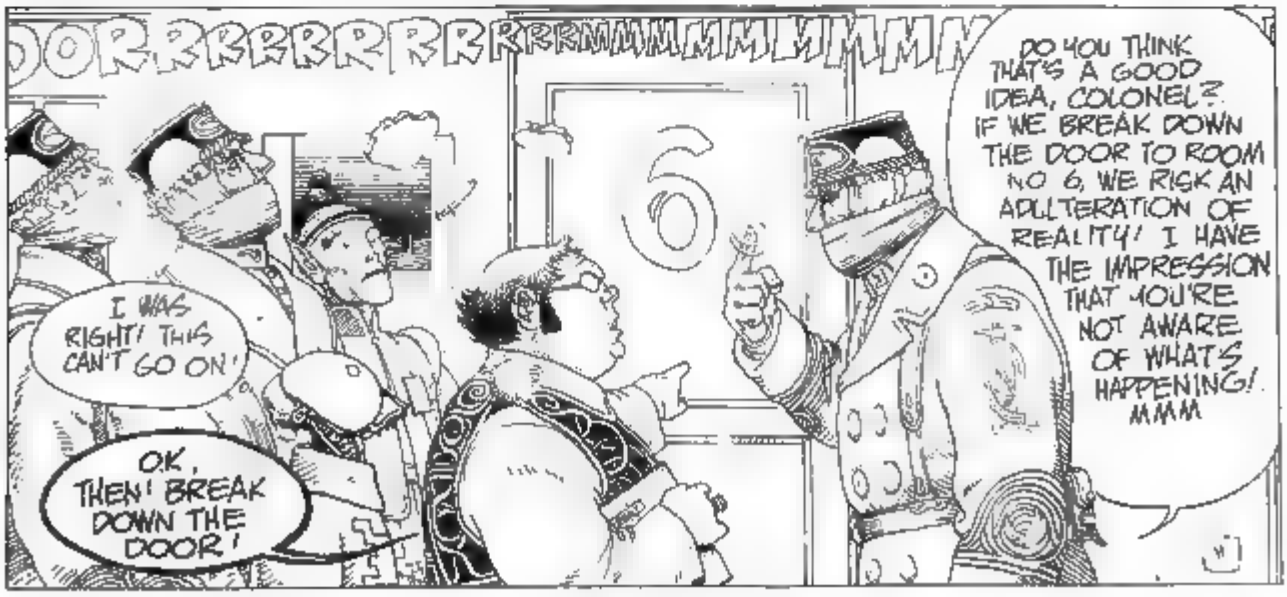

I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN HOW TO DO MORE THAN THAT MYSELF!
AND I HAVE TO RECOMPENSE YOU! TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!
SOME PEACE. YOU KNOW MAYBE THE WAR IS ALREADY WON
OR ASI
OR WORSE
A LITTLE GAME?
OH NO!
I CAN'T STAND LOSING! YOU KNOW THAT VERY WELL!
BUT IT'S MY ONLY PLEASURE.
YOU CERTAINLY OWE ME THAT...
SO BE IT!
BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE DOING HERE. WAITING? I'VE HAD IT
ONE AWAITS NOTHING. ONE IS NOTHING JUST KEEP QUIET ALRIGHT?

ALIAS 18

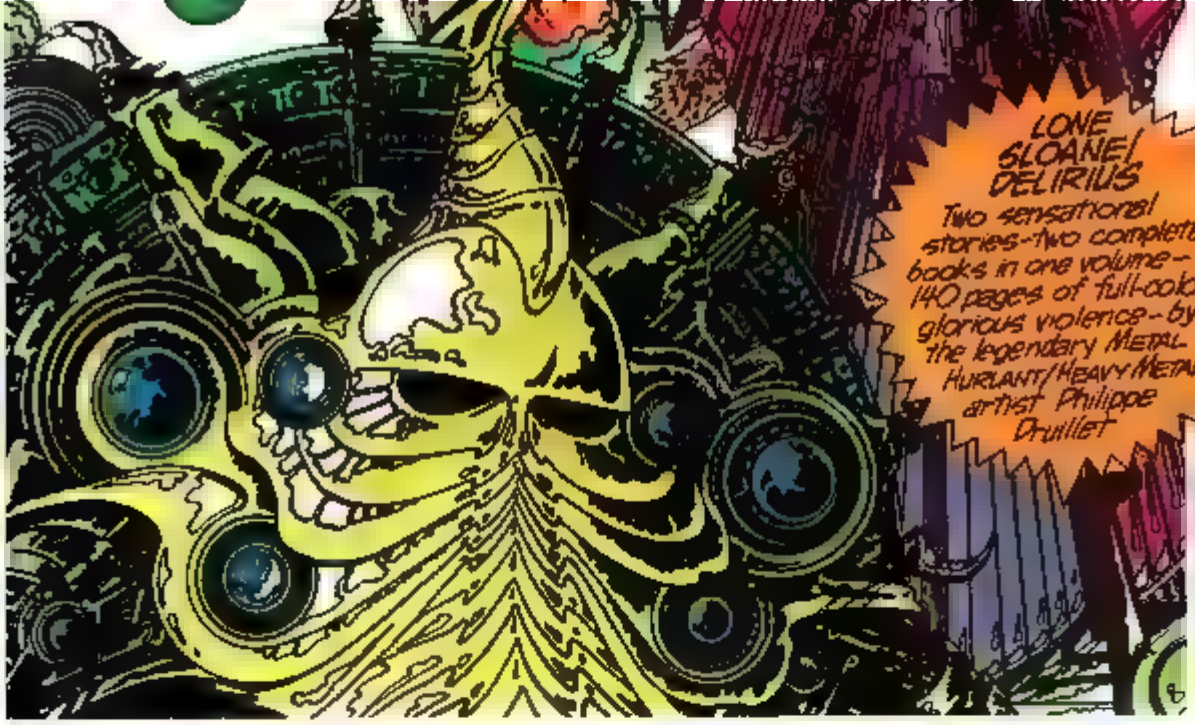
E AIRTIGHT GARAG

RRY CORNELIUS BY MOEBIUS

STORY SO FAR WHILE JERRY CORNELIUS USES HIS SUPER POWERS TO ESCAPE THE RAVING MOB..


DOORRRR

SO WHAT/ GRRR
THE GUARD'S RIGHT!
WE COMMAND YOU TO OPEN THIS DOOR!
THERE'S ALWAYS A DILEMMA WHEN IT COMES TO THE WAR OF THE WORLD AND THE HUMAN CONDITION!
AT THE VERY SAME MOMENT ON SEAWALL 8 84
TO BE CONTINUED...
MOEBIUS


LONE SLOANE/ DELIRIUS
Two sensational stories-two complete books in one volume-140 pages of full-color, glorious violence-by the legendary METAL HURLANT/HEAVY METAL artist Philippe Druillet

Heavy Metal Books dept. HM979
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT THE COUPONS IN THESE ADS, BUT DO WISH TO ORDER, PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE ALL THE NECESSARY INFORMATION AND ENCLOSE IT WITH A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

Please send me a copy of Lone Sloane/Delirius at $6.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. My check is enclosed.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

FOR DELIVERY IN N.Y.C. ADD 8% FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE ADD 6%

Already a runaway best seller in Europe and an underground sensation in America, **VIEWS** is the collected record jacket paintings (GENTLE GIANT, OSIBISA, YES), fantasy illustrations, posters, sketches, psychedelic architectural designs, dreams, and visions of England's incredibly talented young artist, ROGER DEAN. 160 oversized pages, in brilliant color.

SPECIAL LOW PRICE FOR HEAVY METAL READERS!— DRUILLET'S LONE SLOANE AND DELIRIUS AND ROGER DEAN'S VIEWS ARE NOW ONLY $6.95 EACH!

Order Your Copy Now!

Views

Heavy Metal Books
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022 dept. HM979

Please send me a copy of VIEWS at $6.95 plus $1.00 for shipping and handling. My check is enclosed.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____

STATE AND ZIP _____

FOR DELIVERY IN N.Y.C. ADD 8%
FOR DELIVERY ELSEWHERE IN NEW YORK STATE, ADD 6%

TELEFIELD EPISODE 6
BY SERGIO MACEDO
BARON VON HELSINKE PRESENTS YOU WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS FOR SECURITY REASONS HE ASKS YOU TO GET SET UP OUTSIDE, WHERE YOU CAN RECORD THE SOUND AND PHOTOGRAPH
SHIT! THOSE FUCKING ROBOTS!
THEY HAVE TO OPEN THE DOOR FOR US!
MY ANDROID DOUBLE! IS HE READY? SEND HIM OUT TO BE TELEVISED IN MY PLACE
YES MASTER
I COULDN'T STAND ALL THAT MORTIFYING AND INEXORABLE SUNLIGHT OUTSIDE!
WE'VE GOT TO PRETEND TO BE A REAL TELEVISION TEAM, OLD BUDDY WHEN THE PIGS ARRIVE, WE'LL ALL JUMP THEM!
YEAH! HA! HA!
BEAAH
PRECEDED BY THE SOUND OF SIRENS THE MINISTER ARRIVES WITH HIS ESCORT OF VULGS, THOSE GHASTLY OFFICIAL KILLERS
VON HELSINKE'S ANDROID DOUBLE APPEARS ON THE WALLS

FIRE!
THE DOORS OF THE BUNKER OPEN FOR THE NEW ARRIVALS AND THEN
CRASH!
CRASH!
AAARRRGGGH! HELL AND DAMNATION! TREASON!
CALLING ALL GUARDIAN ROBOTS! ATTACK!
WHAP!
AAAAAHHHH
WHAM!
THE GRENADES! HURRY!
GET INSIDE! I'LL COVER YOU!
ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE. THE TERRORISTS, THE JUGS AND THE ROBOTS DESTROY EACH OTHER IN MERCILESS COMBAT
THUD!

K-BRJMM!!
GOOD GRIEF! THE BARRACKS ARE ABOUT TO BLOW UP!
CEDRYL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
HURRY! GET THE MOTOR RUNNING! I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE WAIT FOR ME!
I'M BEING LED BY SOME KIND OF FORCE I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW IT!
WHAP!
KILL THE PIGS!
PSST! LET'S BE COOL ABOUT THIS. LEAVE THIS SHIT HOUSE TO THEM. IF THEY WANT IT
AAAARRRGGH
TATRATTA!
AAAAAHHH! THAT ONE! KILL HIM!
FIZZZ
CRAK!
CURSES!

RAGKHH!
ZZT!
FILTHY DOG! I'LL... I'LL TEAR OUT YOUR EYES!
FZZT
SHUT THE FUCK UP!
EEEEEEEKKKKK! THE SUN! NO! NO!
NO! NO! AAARRROOOUUH!
TSSOO!
FZZLT!
CURSES GLUB BLUBBLUBB
FSSS
FSSSSS

OUTSIDE, THE FIGHT DRAWS TO A CLOSE
THE LAST ONE! I GOT HIM!
KRASH!
HOOOH! THIS IS A REAL SNAKE PIT!
KRIIIIEE
ZZZZ
VRRRR
ZZT!
FILLED WITH A SUPERHUMAN DETERMINATION, CEDRYLL MAKES HIS WAY TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND DISCHARGES HIS LASER AT THE DIABOLICAL INSTALLATIONS OF THE ZOMBIE-SAVANTS
WHIIII

WITH THE CONTROL SYSTEM DESTROYED, THE INCREDIBLE POWER OF THE PSYCHO-PLASMA IS RELEASED AS AN EXPLOSION, WHICH DESTROYS THE FORTRESS.
THIS IMMEDIATELY PRODUCES A TERRIBLE CHAIN REACTION IN METROPOLIS 5. THE PARAPSYCHIC TRIP CENTER BLOWS UP, AND THE THOUSANDS OF PARAPSYCHIC GADGETS DISPERSED THROUGH THE CITY EXPLODE WITH A TERRIBLE RACKET.
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THE PANIC-STRICKEN POPULACE TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM THE TRAP INTO WHICH THEY FELL WHEN THEY ACCEPTED THESE DANGEROUS GADGETS.
IS THIS THE END OF METROPOLIS 5?
THE EXPLOSIONS CONTINUE UNTIL THE WHOLE CITY IS DESTROYED. THEN, THE COLOSSAL MASS OF ENERGY RELEASED IN THE FINAL DEVASTATING EXPLOSION RISES TO THE HEAVENS.

YOU'RE ALL HERE.. I WAS WAITING FOR IT BUT IT'S INCREDIBLE!
CEDRYLL! IGGY! OUR TELEPATHIC NETWORK WORKS PERFECTLY! WE WERE WARNING YOU ALL LAST NIGHT ABOUT THE IMMINENT CATACLYSM!
SOME OF YOU IN DREAMS OTHERS BY A STRONG SENSE OF INTUITION
OOOUHHH.
WE LEFT THE CITY AT DAWN, AND WE ALL MET AGAIN HERE.. AS IF ORIENTED BY SOME SUPERHUMAN PROGRAMMING!
OK ARRIVING HOME THE SURVIVORS ARE WARMLY WELCOMED
METROPOLIS S NO LONGER EXISTS! A NEW AGE IS BEGINNING!
WE MUST ALL BEGIN AGAIN
BUT.. ARE WE THE ONLY ONES?
HEEEY! LOOK.. UP IN THE SKY!
THEY'RE HERE! AT LAST..

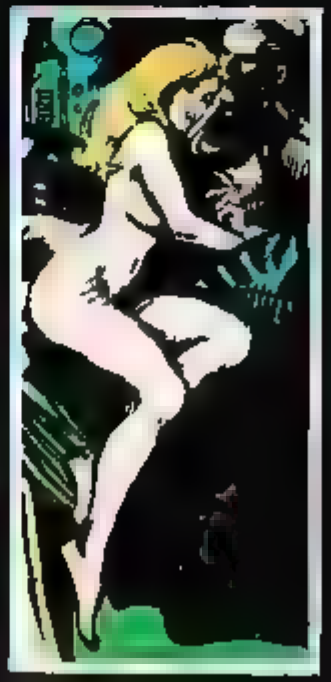
THE END

The Heavy Metal Bookshelf: A Universe of Fantasy

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS
by Angus McKie
The first existential science fiction comic story — drawn in the exquisite detail McKie perfected in *Spacecraft: 2000 to 2100 A.D.* — traces the adventures and antics of an oddball collection of intergalactic hitchhikers aboard the most stunning space vehicle ever conceived. Humor and high drama combine to create a unique fantasy package, previewed in *Heavy Metal*. McKie's debut in illustrated storytelling! Sixty-four color pages, with a special introduction by *Heavy Metal* Editor Sean Kelly. 8½×11 trade paperback. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

MORE THAN HUMAN
Theodore Sturgeon's science fiction classic, listed among the ten best of novels of all time, presented in a graphic story version by Alex Nino and Doug Moench. It's the extraordinary story of a single superhuman formed by the synthesis of six different and complex personalities. Excerpted in *Heavy Metal*, now available in a special 8½×11 trade paperback edition. Full color throughout. List price: $8.95. Order now, pay $7.95.

BARBARELLA THE MOON CHILD
The first and finest of feminine fantasy figures returns to face the most fearful challenges the universe can muster. Action stills from the hit feature film starring Jane Fonda lead into this all-new adventure, drawn in full color by original creator Jean-Claude Forest. Sixty-four huge 12½×9¼ pages. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.



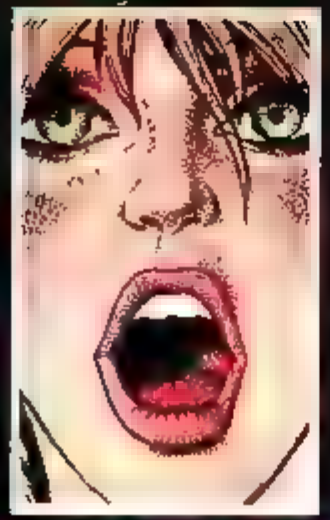
PSYCHOROCK
Five stories by Sergio Macedo that have made him a cult figure wherever people have seen the sky rip open and intergalactic bikers battle android overlords for the favors of goddess-groupies to the sound of punk rock. Sixty-four pages in black and white with a bizarre four-color cover. Large size: 11 × 9. List price: $3.95. Order now, pay $2.95.

[illegible]

All four of the brilliant, full-color adventures of Moebius's pterodactyl-riding hero, acclaimed as works of genius when they appeared in the first issues of *Heavy Metal* magazine. Plus the amazing, animated story of the man who cracked the Cosmic Egg. Sixty-four pages including thirty-two of perhaps the most astounding color you will ever see on paper. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

CANDICE AT SEA

A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise. Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 9 × 11. List price: $3.95. Order now, pay $2.95.



CONQUERING ARMIES

From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of fierce horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always come and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾ × 13¼. List price: $4.95. Order now, pay $3.95.

ULYSSES

Art and text by Lob and Richard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the *Iliad*). The brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color, 9 × 11. List price: $5.95. Order now, pay $5.95.

IS MAN GOOD?

From *Heavy Metal*'s first year, the collected full color Moebius, including the sixteen-page space-spy saga, "The Long Tomorrow," the beautiful "Ballade," the eerie "Small Universe," and the utterly grotesque title story. This fifty-six-page book includes all the covers, one-pagers, jokes, nightmares, and endpapers done so far by Moebius, *Heavy Metal*'s most acclaimed author-artist. Full-color illustrations throughout. 9 × 11. List price: $5.95. Order now, pay $4.95.

HEAVY METAL BOOKS Dept 979
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N Y 10022

Please send me *Heavy Metal* Books as indicated below. I enclose a check or money order payable to *Heavy Metal* Books.

So Beautiful and So Dangerous
____ copies at $5.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

More Than Human
____ copies at $7.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Barbarella the Moon Child
____ copies at $5.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Psychorock
____ copies at $2.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Arzach
____ copies at $5.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Candice at Sea
____ copies at $2.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Conquering Armies
____ copies at $3.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Ulysses
____ copies at $5.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Is Man Good?
____ copies at $4.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) Total: ____

Total enclosed: $ ____

(New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.)

NAME _____
(please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Special added savings!
For orders of **two** books, subtract an additional $1 from total
For orders of **three** books subtract an additional $3 from total
For orders of **four** books subtract an additional $5 from total
For orders of **five** books, subtract an additional $7 from total
For orders of **six** books subtract an additional $9 from total
For orders of **seven** books, subtract an additional $11 from total
For orders of **eight** books subtract an additional $13 from total.
For orders of **nine** books subtract an additional $15 from total

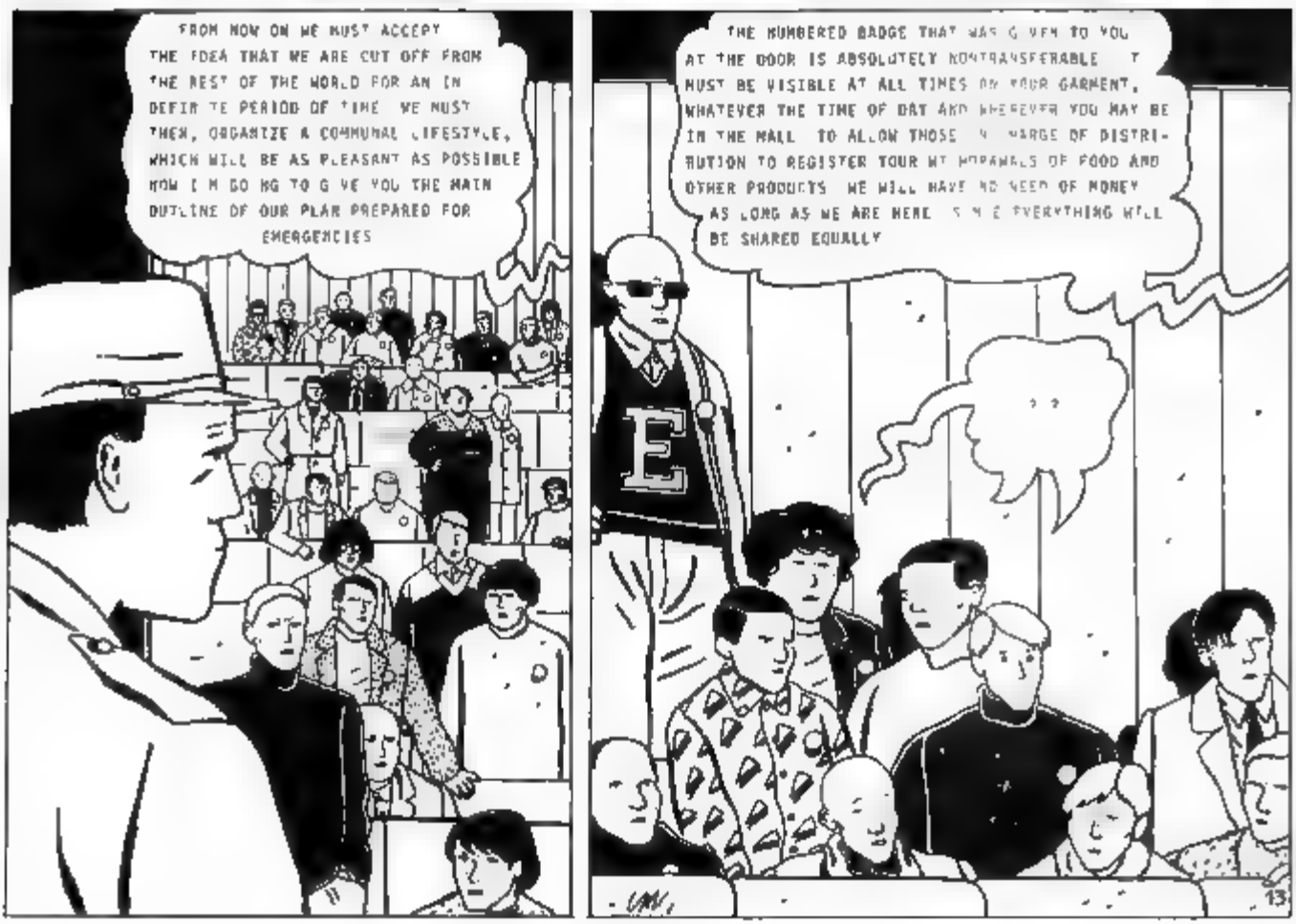
Total enclosed $ ____

shelter — chantal montellier

THIS WAY MADAME YOU HEARD ME YOU CAN'T STAY HERE EVERYONE S MEET NG IN THE AUDITORIUM
GRRROOWWHLL..
I I WANT TO GO BACK UP MY FRIEND STAYED OUTSIDE LET ME GO
HMM TAKE CARE OF HER
A SEDATIVE?
YES
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GET A MOVE ON DO AS YOU RE TOLD GO D THE AUD TOR UM
SINCE WE ARE BE NG ORDERED TO
YOU LL DO WHAT YOU'RE TOLD TO DO! GET IT? WHAT YOU RE TOLD.
CALM DOWN EVERY N NG S GO NG TO BE ALL RIGHT THEY LL BE GIVING OUT NUMBERED BADGES
THEN THEY'LL EXPLAIN THEIR USE TO YOU

EVERYONE S IN PLACE THEY RE WAITING FOR YOU MR D RECTOR
YOU RE ABSO LUTELY POSITIVE THAT EVERYONE S THERE?
POSITIVE MR DIRECTOR WE DID OUR ROUNDS EVERY ONE'S RECEIVED A NUMBERED BADGE
DID YOU HAVE ANY PROBLEMS?
TO DO WITH THE BADGES? OH NO, SIR, NONE
GOOD NO FITS OF HYSTERICS OR DESPAIR? NO ATTEMPTS TO GET OUT?
A FEW, BUT THE MEDICAL CREWS AND THEIR SURVEILLANCE PERSONNEL WERE VERY EFFICIENT ABOUT IT ALL AND THEN YOUR SPEECH
GOOD GOOD' PERFECT
YES I THINK WE CAN GO AHEAD YOU HAVE THE NOTES FOR THE EMERGENCY PLAN?
YES IT'S ALL HERE
ALL RIGHT TO THE AUDITORIUM'
12

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WOULD FIRST LIKE TO TAKE THIS OCCASION TO THANK YOU FOR NOT PANICKING AND FOR HAVING CONFIDENCE IN US THIS BUILDING CAN FUNCTION INDEFINITELY, THANKS TO ITS ATOMIC PILE SUPPORT SYSTEM WHAT S MORE, STOCKS HAVE BEEN COLLECTED TO FEED 15,000 PEOPLE FOR A YEAR TO SHOW YOU WHAT WE COULD DO-- ALTHOUGH THIS ISN T THE CASE--WE COULD SPEND TWENTY YEARS HERE, SINCE THERE ARE EXACTLY 823 OF US
BUT, THIS ISN T THE CASE BECAUSE WHEN THE RADIOACTIVITY LEVEL OUTSIDE DROPS DOWN TO A LEVEL ACCEPTABLE TO THE HUMAN ORGANISM, THE DOORS OF THE BUILDING WILL OPEN AUTOMATICALLY WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE MUST AWAIT THIS OPENING, SINCE WE DON T KNOW THE PROXIMITY OR THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE BOMBARDMENT


FROM NOW ON WE MUST ACCEPT THE IDEA THAT WE ARE CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD OF TIME WE MUST THEN, ORGANIZE A COMMUNAL LIFESTYLE, WHICH WILL BE AS PLEASANT AS POSSIBLE NOW I M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MAIN OUTLINE OF OUR PLAN PREPARED FOR EMERGENCIES
THE NUMBERED BADGE THAT WAS GIVEN TO YOU AT THE DOOR IS ABSOLUTELY NONTRANSFERABLE IT MUST BE VISIBLE AT ALL TIMES ON YOUR GARMENT, WHATEVER THE TIME OF DAY AND WHEREVER YOU MAY BE IN THE MALL TO ALLOW THOSE IN CHARGE OF DISTRIBUTION TO REGISTER YOUR WITHDRAWALS OF FOOD AND OTHER PRODUCTS WE WILL HAVE NO NEED OF MONEY AS LONG AS WE ARE HERE SINCE EVERYTHING WILL BE SHARED EQUALLY
E
13

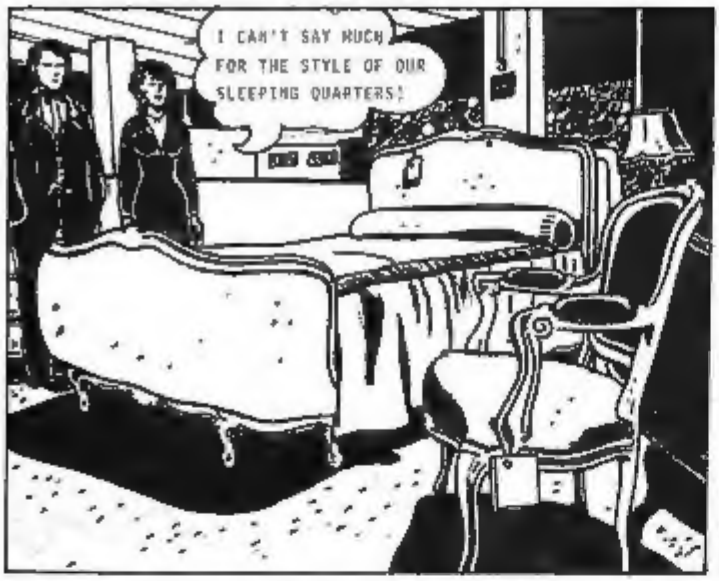
IT IS ABSOLUTELY NOT A QUESTION OF THE MALL PERSONNEL DOING ALL THE WORK BY THEMSELVES. EACH VICTIM MUST SIGN UP FOR AN ACTIVITY, ACCORDING TO HIS TASTES AND ABILITIES. WE WILL SUPPLY THE LIST IN DUE TIME. THIS WILL BE PROGRAMMED SO THAT EACH DAY'S ASSIGNMENTS WILL BE CLEAR, WITH WORK SHARED EQUALLY--AND NO SHIRKING!

I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT MY COLLEAGUES IN THE ADMINISTRATION AND I HAVE DECIDED TO KEEP OUR POSITIONS, TO AVOID DISORGANIZATION, WHICH MIGHT PROVE DETRIMENTAL TO THE SMOOTH SAILING OF THIS UNUSUAL OPERATION...

A STRONG SURVEILLANCE TEAM WILL BE ORGANIZED BY US ON A VOLUNTARY BASIS. ITS MEMBERS WILL WEAR UNIFORMS. THEY WILL BE EXEMPTED FROM OTHER TASKS, BUT REMEMBER...

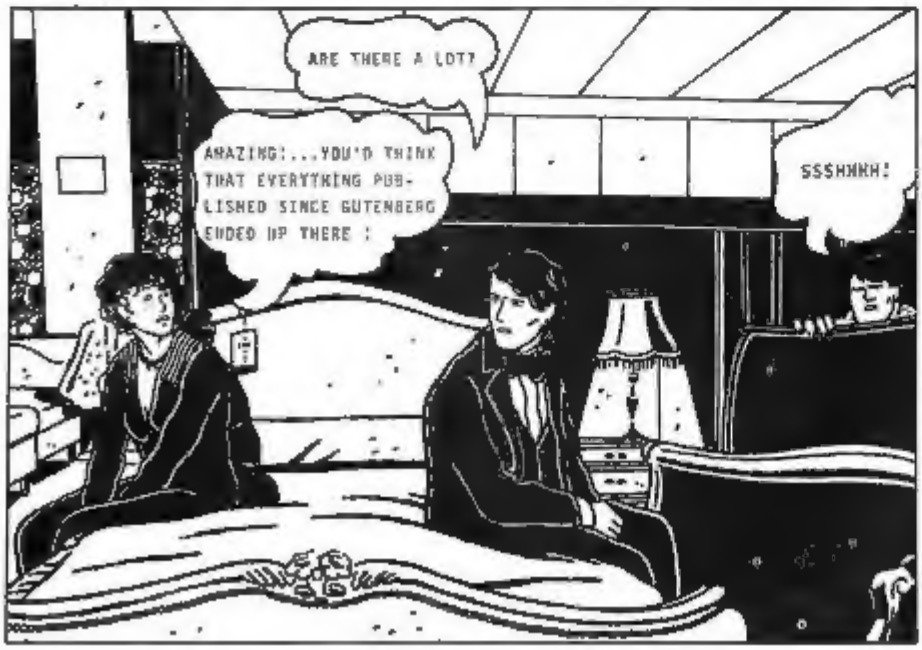
...EACH WILL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS POST OVER A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PERIOD, AS ARE ALL MEMBERS OF THE ADMINISTRATION. ORGANIZATION IS ESSENTIAL. CONCERNING DAILY LIFE...EACH ONE OF US HAVING RECEIVED OUR APPROPRIATE NUMBER...

...WE THINK THAT RATHER THAN EATING ALL OVER THE CENTER, IT WOULD BE PREFERABLE IF MEALS WERE SERVED AT FIXED TIMES IN THE CAFETERIA, WHICH SEATS 1000 PEOPLE...FOR THE SAME REASONS, SLEEPING QUARTERS WILL BE SET UP IN THE FURNITURE DEPARTMENT.



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET USED TO BEING AN ELECTRICIAN?
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER... THERE ARE ONLY THREE KIDS IN THE WHOLE CENTER...THEY HARDLY NEEDED A REMEDIAL MATH TEACHER... AND NOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG IN THE LIBRARY?

PRETTY WELL... I'LL STAY WITH THE BOOKS...BUT IT'S AN INCREDIBLE JOB TO CHANGE A COLLECTION OF BOOKS INTO A REAL LIBRARY...IT'S GOING TO TAKE HOURS AND HOURS TO INDEX THEM ALL!



TO BE CONTINUED

The Heavy Metal T-shirt. A knockout.

Proven beat in intergalactic tests, *Heavy Metal* T-shirts of 100% cotton outlasted metallic fibers, 6y x⁵. French-cut sleeves allow full mobility in any gravitational field. Bold *Heavy Metal* logo, flocked to the thickness of fine industrial carpeting, stands out in the darkest regions of time and/or space.

Available on Planet Earth *only* by mail from *Heavy Metal*. Black or red, small, medium, or large. Six dollars each, plus sixty cents for postage and handling.

The *Heavy Metal* T-shirt. A winner, by a knockout.

HEAVY METAL
DEPT. HM 979
[illegible] Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

If you do not wish to cut this coupon in this ad, just tell us what to order, please print it here, all the necessary information and enclose a check or money order.

Enclosed please find my check or money order.
Please send me ____ *Heavy Metal* T-shirt(s) at $6.00 plus 60¢ per shirt.

Black S☐ M☐ L☐
Red S☐ M☐ L☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____